

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

OCTOBER 29, 1965

The Young Man Next to the President

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



BILL MOYERS

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ISSUED OCTOBER 29, 1965



Photograph taken through a sample of SOLARBAN TWINDOW simulating typical building location. Camera: 4 x 5 Linhof, 1/50 second at F-11 with Ektachrome daylight.

You're looking at Atlanta through a new glass from PPG. It shuts out 70% of the sun's heat.

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Glass Conditioning with PPG environmental glasses is the modern way to control the effect of the sun's heat and glare and to reduce winter heat loss. Yet these products may actually cost less than conventional glass when you take into account their effect on heating and air conditioning costs.

A new four-page illustrated folder describes the materials and methods of Glass Conditioning. Write for your free copy today or consult your architect. PPG, One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.



Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PPG makes the glass that makes the difference

*Glass Conditioning is a service mark of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company

How easy is it to sell stock on the N.Y. Stock Exchange?...who buys when you sell?...the growing number of investors...4 guides to investing

The ambition to add a brighter hue to your financial picture may have led you—along with millions of other Americans—to consider investing in stocks.

Your goal may range from an education for your children or retirement fund, to an exotic trip around the world, to a second income that will help you meet living expenses. And perhaps, with a clear eye on your goal, you have arrived at this practical question: "What would happen if I needed cash; how easily could I find a buyer for my stock?"

If your stock were listed on the New York Stock Exchange, it would usually be easy. For several reasons.

One is, of some 20 million investors, about 12 million own stocks listed on the Exchange. Some invest frequently, some rarely, but every day thousands of orders to buy and sell listed stocks funnel into the market place in New York, sometimes from shareowners as far apart as Hawaii and Afghanistan.

You could populate a city the size of Milwaukee with the people who recently, on the average, have become shareowners each year for the first time—more than 1 million.

But private individuals are not the only investors who might buy your stock. In addition, there are the important institutional investors—pension funds, banks, colleges, etc. Another group consists of members of the Exchange who buy and sell for

themselves. For instance, at the Exchange, members called Specialists often step into the picture. They make a market when there are no other buyers or sellers at a price reasonably close to the last sale.

For the first eight months of this year, during an average trading day, more than 5,300,000 shares were bought and sold on the Exchange.

This volume of supply and demand is an important reason why you can usually sell stock quickly and at a price close to the last round-lot trading price. Few items of property, if any, can be bought or sold so easily or in such orderly fashion.

If investing figures in your plans, here are four guides to follow:

1. Remember, there is risk in every kind of investment—stock prices fluctuate and dividends are never assured. So make sure you've considered day-to-day expenses and a fund for emergencies.

2. Zero in on a specific goal. Dividends perhaps, which may help you to meet living expenses. Often a company will increase dividends as its profits rise. Or maybe you're looking for growth in the value of your stock. Some listed stocks have shown impressive records in this area. Perhaps your aim is a combination of these objectives. Or the relative safety that bonds usually offer.

3. Get facts. Ask your member firm broker for information he has on hand that may help you make an intelligent decision—such as a company's sales, earning trends and dividend record.

4. Ask your registered representative (broker) for his opinion. Before he could act as a member firm broker, he had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. While that doesn't mean he is necessarily right, maybe he can suggest a new approach you might want to consider.

Investing might help you to reach some long sought goal. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

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SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 5-AV, P.O. Box 1070, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing some 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends every three months for 20 to 100 years.

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That's the point. Guys like you should be able to take the cars you rent for granted. They should just — be there. Purring. With never a second thought from you. But we have doubts.

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Couldn't it?

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(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



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HOW DO YOU MAKE 11,000 VOICES

Perhaps the first question to answer is: why?

For Western Electric and its Bell System teammates the answer is simple: Every day Americans make over 11 million long distance telephone calls. Most of these calls are sent part way by air — transformed into microwave signals, crossing the country in 30-mile leaps from tower to tower.

Naturally each tower must handle as many voice signals as possible. An essential element in each tower is the "travelling wave tube" shown here. It can amplify 11,000 voice signals at once, making them strong enough for a 30-mile jump.

For these tubes to do their job properly, Western Electric must manufacture them to incredibly high

JUMP 30 MILES?

precision standards. For example, we have to wind a wire coil so that the space between windings varies no more than three ten-thousandths of an inch. And the vacuum inside the tube has to be far rarer than in an ordinary radio or TV tube.

But making such precision parts in volume is nothing new to Western Electric. The millions of parts that make up the Bell telephone network must all work perfectly each with each so that it can function smoothly as one integrated unit. Western Electric can help make this possible because, as manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, we share its goal of bringing you the finest communications on earth.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

Where did the new Norelco Speedshaver ever get the idea that it could match shaves with a blade?



It's all in our head.



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The new Norelco Speedshaver® gives the close electric shave—so incredibly close that we dare to match shaves with a blade. And yet the Norelco shave is still the comfort shave. Because Norelco rotary blades gently stroke off whiskers. Never grab or pull. Never cut or nick. Norelco "Floating Heads" glide smoothly over every contour of your face.

There's also a pop-up trimmer that makes neat work of sideburns. Easy "flip-open" cleaning. Voltage selector. On/off switch. And a coil cord. All in all, more shaving features than any other electric shaver. We'll match the shave you get with the new Norelco Speedshaver against any electric shaver and win by a head. And then it's *en garde*, blades!



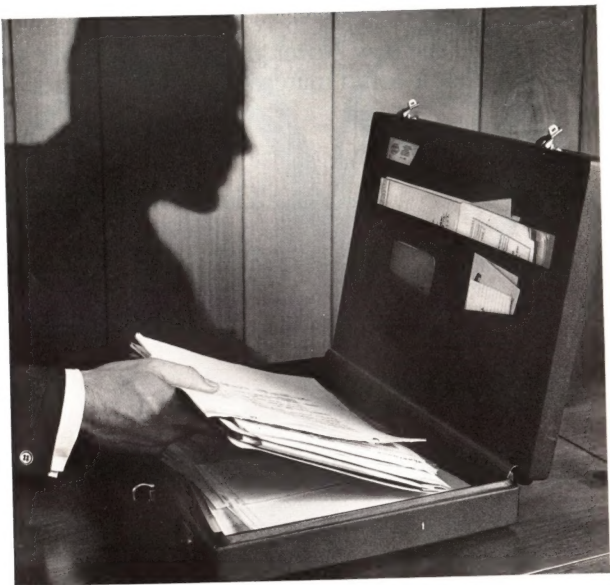
Great first shaver. The new Norelco Flip-Top Speedshaver. World's largest-selling shaver model. Popular price. Now in bright razor-razor. Rotary blades. Flip-top cleaning. On/off switch.



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The man from F.E.R.D.

How the Harris gathers and disseminates business intelligence

Every bank has access to the kind of raw data that could be turned into business intelligence. But only a few banks like the Harris strive "to find the grain of wheat in the mountains of chaff" (as a former CIA chief put it).

Helping Harris customers get scarce and vital information is the job of the men at F.E.R.D., our Financial and Economic Research Department. For example, you can call on F.E.R.D.'s *Corporate Financial Services* specialists:

1. For advice on your company's financial structure, budgeting, divi-

dend policy, or annual report.

2. For a valuation of your business if you're considering a merger or acquisition, or going public.
3. For guidance in selecting the best source of long-term money.
4. For aid in locating the best site for a new plant or office.

The men from F.E.R.D. can work for you when you bank at the Harris. Get a clear view of what's ahead *now*—before you make a major business decision. Drop us a line or get in touch personally.



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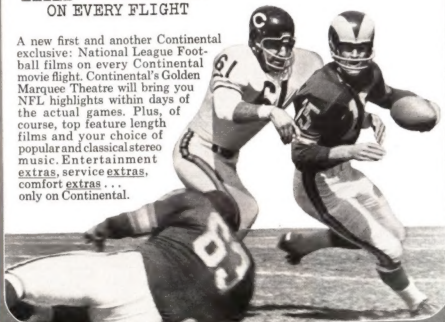
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 27

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). In "Back to Back," Shelley Winters and Jack Hawkins pose as a happily married couple in order to get the jobs they want. Color.

I SPY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Agents Culp and Cosby do their best to protect the life of an arrogant mobster so he can inform on a Hong Kong racket. Color.

Thursday, October 28

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.). The screen version of Jean Kerr's comedy *Mary, Mary*. Color.

Friday, October 29

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Phyllis Newman appears as a desert tribe princess who wants to trade her prisoner for a camel in "The Arabian Affair." Color.

TEENAGE REVOLUTION (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). With Van Heflin as narrator, the program examines the increased influence that today's youth wields in society.

Saturday, October 30

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m. in New York; nationally, 10:30-11 p.m.). "Jomo Kenyatta: Burning Spear Turns Builder." A visit with Kenya's leader.

GET SMART! (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Don Adams stars as the bungling secret agent Maxwell Smart in "Kaos in Control." It appears that a Kaos agent has infiltrated Control Headquarters. Color.

JIMMY DURANTE MEETS THE LIVELY ARTS (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Durante and Guests Rudolf Nureyev, Roberta Peters, Robert Vaughn and the rock-'n'-rolling Shindogs survey culture and entertainment. Color.

Sunday, October 31

THE BIG EAR (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Robert MacNeil reports on the wide extent of electronic eavesdropping and telephone wiretapping in the U.S. Guests include Senator Robert Kennedy.

Monday, November 1

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The hero of this series (Ben Gazzara), who has only a short time to live and gads about a lot while waiting for the end, reluctantly agrees to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband. Color.

Tuesday, November 2

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *Little Boy Lost* (Paramount 1953), with Bing Crosby and Claude Dauphin in a story about an American newsman searching Paris for the son he lost during World War II. Color.

THEATER

The new season is under way but so far warrants little more than desultory interest. Most of the best shows are holdovers.

GENERATION Playwright William Goodhart measures the distance between generations in a comedy imbued with fond regard for the humor implicit in human nature. In one of his ablest performances,

Henry Fonda gives not only body to a role but substance to a man.

HALF A SIXPENCE and one Tommy Steele stir up a light froth of song and dance.

THE ODD COUPLE. On leave from unhappy marriages, Walter Matthau and Paul Dooley try to set up a masculine ménage à deux; their farcical failure makes for highly successful comedy.

LUV. Satirist Murray Schisgal pokes at the poses and spoofs the self-seriousness of a society and theater weaned on analysis and fed by Freud.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Alan Alda is an "author" (meaning book clerk) and Diana Sands a "model" (meaning prostitute) in this ironic version of the mating game.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Sholom Aleichem's story of a Russian village in 1905 becomes a lively musical with Luther Adler as Tevye, a dairyman who has wit, compassion, and five daughters.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller's near tragedy tells of a Brooklyn longshoreman who destroys himself and his family by feeding on his incestuous desires and jealousies.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER owes little to Gibbon and much to Cole, whose lesser-known songs add life to a highly camp revue.

RECORDS

Popular Instrumentalists

WHIPPED CREAM AND OTHER DELIGHTS (A & M) are confronted with two mellow trumpets and a trombone by Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass. Trumpeter Alpert started out in Mexico three years ago to capture the sound of the *corridos* (in *The Lonely Bull*), but his blend of Dixieland and mariachi is now receiving odes north of the border on the Sunset Strip. His musical menu includes, besides *Whipped Cream*, *A Taste of Honey*, *Ladyfingers*, *Peanuts*, *Tangerine*, *Lemon Tree* and *Love Potion No. 9*.

SUMMER WIND (Kapp). This is a Roger Williams album, but he could slip away unnoticed, what with two orchestras, a maced chorus and chimes. Indeed, the record jacket shows a grand piano abandoned on a windy beach at sunset. Williams apparently remained staunchly at his post during the recording session, however, for every so often (in *A Walk in the Black Forest*, *Cumana*, *You'll Never Walk Alone*) a freshest of trills and runs floods forth.

THE MAGIC MUSIC OF FAR AWAY PLACES (Decca) is evoked in *Moon over Naples*, *Hava Nagila*, *Midnight in Moscow* and *Sart Dust* (the U.S. entry). The pieces are all translated into the international language of fox trot by the German band-leader Bert Kaempfert, whose dancy, brassy swing style keeps trumpeting LPs up the bestseller lists, where they tend to stay put for months.

ONLY THE BEST (United Artists) means the pieces everyone is recording, like *Red Roses for a Blue Lady*, *Chim Chim Cherree* and *Downtown*. The middle-aged instrumentalists are Arthur Ferrante and Louis Teicher, who perform their expectable, rather staid two-piano exercises to

* All times E.D.T. through Oct. 30. E.S.T. thereafter.

TIME, OCTOBER 29, 1965



Away-on-business-miss-your-wife-blues?

You could have brought your wife, without straining your budget, on your American Express Credit Card. Here's how.

It's never been easier to bring your wife on a business trip.

Just charge *her* airline ticket on your American Express Card. With new "Sign & Fly" service you can take a year to pay.

All you do is show your American Express Card when you buy the ticket. Then sign your name.

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PLAN	12-MONTH CHARGE PER \$100
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All these exciting things to say about the new French turbine-powered NORD 262! And Lake Central is saying them first, because Lake Central is flying it first. First in all the U.S.A., let alone first in the mid-central region Lake Central serves so well.

Of all the proposed DC-3 replacements reviewed by the CAB, the N-262 best fills the bill. Along with DC-3 reliability, it offers greater speed and more passenger comforts, such as air conditioning and pressurization. And those ingenious French have combined all these modern features in a DC-3 sized plane: the NORD.

Anything the DC-3 does, the NORD does newer. It's truly the fastest—and most convenient—way to fly and ship to any of the fifty mid-central cities that Lake Central serves.

LAKE CENTRAL AIRLINES

the expectable, rather staid accompaniment of a large orchestra.

AN EVENING AT THE "POPS" (RCA Victor). If one is going to hear an orchestra play TV themes (*The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and *The Munsters*) and songs from *Fiddler on the Roof*, it might as well be the Boston Pops with its own incredible fiddlers. And Arthur Fiedler's *Hard Day's Night*, though not up to the Beatles, is pretty fab, all things considered.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY (RCA Victor), along with *Dancing in the Dark* and *I See Your Face Before Me*, are three of a dozen songs by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz that are dressed in silk and satin by the strings and orchestra of the late George Melachrino.

AL HIRT, LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL (RCA Victor). The big trumpeter, who left jazz for more popular razzle-dazzle on the wings of *Java*, shows some of the old spark in pieces like *Kansas City* and *Going to Chicago Blues*.

CINEMA

THE HILL. Looking less like Bond and more like Gable, Sean Connery leads a handful of World War II unfortunates up and down a sandy pyramid in Director Sidney (*The Pawnbroker*) Lumet's forceful if conventional drama of men v. masters in a British army stockade.

REFUSION. With monstrous art, Writer-Director Roman Polanski wrings a classic chiller from the pulse-quickenings misdeeds of a lovely French manicurist (Catherine Deneuve) whose problems seem reminiscent of that classic chiller *Psycho*.

THE RAILROAD MAN. The commonplace woes of everyman catch up with a devil-may-care railroad engineer in this family drama, made in 1956 by Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*), who also plays the title role.

TO DIE IN MADRID. Such narrators as John Gielgud and Irene Worth add eloquent words to rare newsreel footage assembled by French Producer-Director Frédéric Rossif, who reshapes Spain's savage civil war of 1936-1939 into a powerful work of art.

DARLING. A dazzling playgirl (Julie Christie) learns how to succeed at jet-set fun-and-games, only to discover too late that to win can be to lose.

KING AND COUNTRY. Pity and terror are evoked by Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant*) and by Actor Tom Courtenay as a baffled army deserter en route to his execution during World War I.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH. Blood, sand and social protest mix liberally in Director Francesco Rosi's angry drama about the rise and fall of a great bullfighter—played with impressive sting by Spanish Matador Miguel Mateo.

RAPTURE. A handsome fugitive (Dean Stockwell) shakes up the inhabitants of an old, dark house on a storm-ravaged coast. It has been done before, but Patricia Goff (*Cybele*) brightens the premises with a performance of remarkable subtlety.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CONVERSATIONS WITH BERENSON, recalled by Count Umberto Morra, translated by Florence Hammond. The late Bernard Berenson, the American critic who trained his eye on Italian Renaissance art and his tongue in the art of conversation, was both

When You Need New Capital...

*Should you raise it publicly or privately?
Or both? Through debt issues or equities?
Or perhaps on a sale lease-back arrangement.
What are the pros and cons of each?*

One day your company's growth may require more capital than there is in the till. Or perhaps even more than you can or should borrow from your bank.

That day you will be faced with one of the most intricate and puzzling problems that can confront a corporate financial officer. Because the Money Market is a maze in which it is all too easy to lose your way. There are road maps... but even these demand expert interpretation. And the knowledge required can come only from years of experience and specialization.

There are, of course, a select number of investment banking houses qualified to guide your com-

pany through the intricacies of financing. If we have one claim that merits your special consideration it is the fact that our headquarters have been in Chicago for more than 70 years. Our long experience and broad knowledge of this area permit us to offer our clients an understanding of their special needs which we sincerely believe cannot be surpassed.

Whether your interest in new financing is immediate or down the road a way, we'd like to help you raise the new capital you'll need to ease your growing pains. Our Vice President John Colman has a lot of answers; he's just waiting for your questions. Our telephone number is FRanklin 2-6100.

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wise and wise guy when discussing painting, disseminating gossip, or commenting on life. Count Morra, one of Berenson's frequent guests, fortunately took notes.

PROUST, THE LATER YEARS, by George D. Painter. British Museum Curator George D. Painter concludes his rich biography of Marcel Proust in a second volume, *Remembrance of Things Past* is virtually required prior reading, but once that hurdle is out of the way, the reader is treated to a detailed and near-reverent account of Proust's agonizing labors over *Remembrance*, his homosexuality, and his pathetic transformation from social climber to neurotic recluse.

AN END TO CHIVALRY, by Tom Cole. This initial book of stories by a lecturer at M.I.T. is witty, charming, and dominated by a superb novella that casts a young American couple against the primordial background of Sicily, hurls them into the frenzy of a carnival, and delicately records their individual reactions.

THE VINLAND MAP AND THE TARTAR RELATION, by Thomas F. Marston, R. A. Skelton, George D. Painter. The circumstances surrounding the recent discovery of the only known pre-Columbus map of the New World and the painstaking research to authenticate the faded document are chronicled in a scholarly and expensive (\$15) volume. But the reproduction of the 1440 map alone is worth the price.

THE SILENT SKY, by Allan W. Eckert. The author, who earlier wrote *The Great Auk*, laments the fate of the passenger pigeon, whose species numbered in the millions before man trapped, bludgeoned and shot the bird into extinction.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND, by the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. Alice makes her first trip down the rabbit hole in this delightful original version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, reproducing the handwriting and original lacy sketches by Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll.

THE AMERICANS: THE NATIONAL EXPERIENCE, by Daniel J. Boorstin. In booming pre-Civil War America, ingenuity, speed, and a belief in the future gave the settlers their grip on the vast land. Historian Boorstin brings the period to life in a masterful blend of statistics and steamboat races.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Airs Above the Ground*, Stewart (2)
3. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (4)
4. *The Honey Badger*, Ruark (10)
5. *Hotel*, Hailes (6)
6. *The Man with the Golden Gun*, Fleming (3)
7. *The Green Berets*, Moore (5)
8. *The Rabbi*, Gordon (7)
9. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (9)
10. *Thomos*, Mydans (8)

NONFICTION

1. Kennedy, Sorensen (2)
2. *Inten*, Doctor X (3)
3. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (1)
4. *A Gift of Prophecy*, Montgomery (5)
5. *Yes I Can*, Davis and Boyar (6)
6. *Games People Play*, Berne (4)
7. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapierre (7)
8. *Manchild in the Promised Land*, Brown (9)
9. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld
10. *My Twelve Years with John F. Kennedy*, Lincoln (8)



People come to Bermuda for all kinds of fun and games. Like golf!

Some say our flag should be velvety green. Not that proud royal red. The truth is that Bermuda is golf-balm, with more courses per square mile than any place on earth. You might play 108 different holes in Bermuda without repeating one. And on every hole an extra hazard—a spectacular view!

Play golf year-round in Bermuda, thanks to our Gulf Stream setting. Mid-Ocean Club, site of international tournaments, is a demanding par 71. Babe Ruth once plunked 11 balls into Mangrove Lake on the 5th hole...the one Ruthian record you might break.

At Riddell's Bay, Castle Harbour, and The

Bay, are private clubs, but you can play when introduced by a member.)

Added incentive—your golf clubs fly down for only \$4. Or rent clubs here. And there are pros to help you straighten out that fade.

In Bermuda the 19th hole is the entire island! You'll discover fine restaurants, hotels and pubs where the spirit is congenial and the spirits friendly, clubs where the fun goes on until the wee hours.

Fun is par for the course, in Bermuda. Romp and snooze on beaches where the sand is sensuous, the waters clear and limpid. Roam winding lanes to picturesque, historic places by motor bike, carriage, or fringe-topped taxi. Shop for fabulous bargains along Front Street, Hamilton, where the ships come in.

Whack tennis balls in the sunshine. Rent a sailboat for an hour, day, or week. Explore

a coral reef by glass-bottomed boat, or in scuba gear. Tie into a fighting marlin, bonefish. Allison tuna! There are simply not enough hours to enjoy all of Bermuda's pleasures. So stay an extra week!

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LETTERS

The Turning Point

Sir: This splendid cover story on Viet Nam [Oct. 22] cannot help giving a strong assist to the men who need and deserve our support and prayers.

(THE REV.) CALVIN THIELMAN
Black Mountain, N.C.

Sir: This is a heartfelt thank-you to the 1st Cavalry Division and the protective arms around the baby being carried across a field in Viet Nam. Because of them I am here, secure and free.

MRS. FRANK LUNDE
Tuxedo, N.Y.

Vietnams et al.

Sir: TIME's analysis of the Viet Nam protests [Oct. 22] is distorted and untruthful. Most of us who participated in this demonstration have no love for the Viet Cong or Hanoi, but we do believe that their defeat is not worth the price of adopting the values that seem to make their defeat so necessary. The leaders of this nation, like those of Nazi Germany, no longer seem capable of tolerating dissent. The great consensus has become a patriotic duty, and some have gone so far as to suggest that those who cannot accept it ought to be pulled up by the roots and thrown aside like worthless weeds.

LEO A. DESPRES
Associate Professor of Anthropology
Western Reserve University
Cleveland

Sir: The young men fighting in Viet Nam, regardless of their formal education, know more about life, death and the real meaning of freedom than do demonstrators on any campus. These men in Viet Nam are America.

MICHAEL MACALUSO
Weirton, W.Va.

Sir: Since when does making an impression on a foreign enemy take precedence over the right and duty of American citizens to protest policies with which they disagree?

H. LAURENCE ROSS
Associate Professor
Department of Sociology & Anthropology
New York University
New York City

Sir: The vast majority of students support our country's commitment to Viet Nam. Our demonstration at the Claremont Colleges was orderly and enthusiastic, and we far outnumbered the pro-

testers. A small but noisy minority has given the American public and its servicemen a distinctly incorrect view of the attitudes of American students.

JAMES C. KELSEY
Committee to Support
American Fighting Men
Claremont, Calif.

Sir: Although Castro's offer to let Cubans leave their country [Oct. 15] is not a substitute for free elections, it is a humane action. The U.S. should reciprocate by encouraging the emigration from the U.S. of the small minority, including teach-in enthusiasts and Berkeley draft-card burners, dissatisfied with our country and its policies, so that they can seek a happier life in Cuba, North Viet Nam or any other paradise.

J. HILBERT
Los Angeles

Pitfalls of Republican Unity

Sir: As a Republican I enjoyed your Essay [Oct. 22]. Party unity has always been the greatest pitfall of the Republican Party. The socialist and Communist parties siphon off the crackpots of the left wing, leaving the Democratic Party nearer the center. On the right, there is no haven for extremists. When the Republican Party seeks to accommodate all, it succeeds only in pulling itself away from the political center. We can never have a valid two-party system until Republicans realize that unity in the pursuit of victory is no virtue.

PETER KOLGASIAN
Cranston, R.I.

Sir: In your Essay you attribute to me the statement that the party might do better to exorcise its "left side." Would you tell me when I said that, where, and in what language, because the statement is taken out of context. I was referring to the need for the Republican Party to attack the radical left of the Democrats responsible for 1) burning draft cards, 2) demonstrations against foreign policy, 3) group research in Washington, etc. Isn't it time some accuracy crept into your writing?

BARRY GOLDWATER
Phoenix

► We read it in your syndicated column of July 11, 1965: "Which brings us to the other side of the party's schizophrenic image: the left side . . . If it is splinters that Republicans fear, they should run a wary finger over the surface of the so-called Republicans for Progress."

Commitment for Water

Sir: Your cover story on hydrology [Oct. 1] was most informative. Increased knowledge of the problems before us is vital. In New York, our problem is not one of water quantity but of water quality. As you indicate, "the people who vote must make the commitment" that will assure a steady flow of water. On Nov. 2, the people of New York are asked to make such a commitment. On the ballot will be a \$1 billion bond issue to provide 60% of the cost of sewage treatment facilities needed through 1970 to end water pollution in New York.

(GOVERNOR) NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
Albany, N.Y.

State's State

Sir: As one who sees and works with the U.S. Department of State in the field, I enjoyed your Essay [Oct. 15]. But I was disturbed by your complimentary reference to Ambassador Atwood. Much more publicity of that nature, accurate as it is, could result in our losing him to a higher post. That would be a serious blow.

ROY D. SHAFFER, M.D.
Nairobi, Kenya

Sir: Your Essay is the most superficial fairy story you have printed in years. Because of some mysterious "American image" concept, the boys at State consider it unethical to make use of a propaganda advantage unless it favors the Communists. They are eager to encourage socialist revolutionaries and they have so little faith in freedom that they fear the "political vacuum" that would result if Communism were crushed.

R. D. GUNKEL
Potomac, Md.

Sir: Your Essay is one of the most commendable I have read in TIME. It does justice to the department by destroying false illusions created by often unwarranted, petulant protests.

MALCOLM RINGWALT
Storrs, Conn.

The Life & Death of God

Sir: I am writing to express my appreciation for the excellent job done by you on the "Death of God" theologies [Oct. 22]. Yours was a difficult task, and you succeeded admirably.

THOMAS J. J. ALTIZER
Associate Professor of Religion
Emory University
Atlanta

Sir: If God is dead, let us speak his eulogy quickly, bury him, and move on: it is unmanly to take refuge from the present in establishments of the past and unflitting to decay the impotence of the dead.

WILLIAM T. BATMAN
Houston

Sir: The teaching of godless theologians does not represent what most faithful, intelligent clergy and parishioners believe. If God seems dead to these theologians, this is a matter of their lack of faith. We should pray to God to forgive them. (THE REV.) FRANK W. MARSHALL, JR.
Trinity Episcopal Church
Bayonne, N.J.

Goli

Sir: Good grief! Bless the day when President Cleveland could have his operation in private! I liked Ike, but I did not

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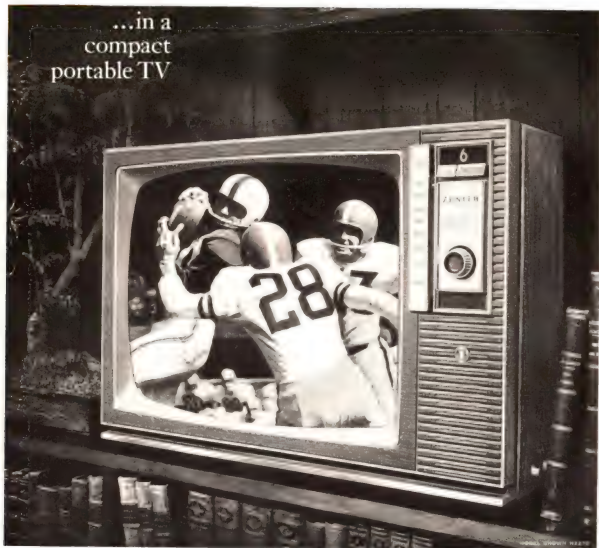
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enjoy romping through his insides, and no more do I care for a romp through Lyndon's [Oct. 15]

A. W. FRYE

Forest, Va.

Iceland's Claim

Sir: The so-called Vinland map [Oct. 15] would never be accepted in court. It fails in practically every particular for the establishment of authenticity. The authorship is unknown; the date of its supposed original drawing is a wild speculation; there is no evidence of its custodianship from 1957 back to 1440.

(JUSTICE) MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO
Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
Pittsburgh

Sir: The Italians have not asked, "Was the Vikings' sketch drawn in 1440?" or "Was Ericsson, in fact, the first discoverer of America?" To answer the question of "who got here first" on the basis of ethnocentrism is as backward as pre-Columbus thinking that "the world cannot be round."

MARVIN J. MIGNON

Erie, Pa.

Sir: The U.S. Government apparently believes that Leif Ericsson was a son of Iceland and a discoverer of America. The U.S. engraved a statement to this effect on a statue of Leif and gave the statue to the Icelandic nation on its 1,000th anniversary in 1930. I am sorry if my fellow countryman has turned Norwegian.

I. G. THORSTEINSSON

Reykjavik, Iceland

► Ericsson, of Norwegian descent, was born in Iceland

The Art of Acoustics

Sir: Your concise history of Philharmonic Hall's problems [Oct. 15] perhaps says that acoustic qualities are more the result of art than of science—as makers of quality musical instruments have known for centuries. Acoustics of a concert hall are judged solely by subjective comparison with prior tradition, not by scientific analysis. When the purpose of a structure is to aid in making music with conventional sound, architects had better forgo their artistic expressions in favor of those that will better ensure musical results. After all, one would hardly expect a piano that was constructed like a contemporary piece of furniture to sound like a piano; the same may apply to the largest musical instrument of all—the concert auditorium.

DAVID W. COGSWELL
President

Berkshire Organ Co. Inc.
North Wilbraham, Mass.

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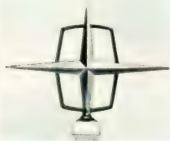
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ARTZYBASHEFF SHOW AT TIME & LIFE BUILDING

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

"WHEN my eyes become dim with age and I shall not be able to see the world around me," wrote Boris Artzybasheff some years ago. "I can paint non-objective abstractions and abstract non-objections." But until he died of a heart attack last July at 66, he did not cease to see the world around him. He resolutely refused to paint abstractions, tirelessly refining the unique style, sometimes bordering on the surrealistic, that for over a quarter century he brought to more than 200 TIME covers. A sizable sampling of these original cover paintings, and more than 100 other Artzybasheff works in several media, have now been brought together from all over the world in a retrospective show at the Time & Life Building Exhibition Center in New York City. The show represents our tribute to a friend and colleague—and to one of the most original and imaginative artists of his time.

Artzybasheff's art is dominated by his famous anthropomorphic machines and his reified visions of various pretensions, neuroses and complexes in sometimes nightmarish forms. But just about anything could set off Artzy's imagination. *A Nude with a Snood* is his interpretation of an unfathomable phrase overheard at a cocktail party; a primitive piece

of sculpture called *Connecticut African* came from bits of wood picked up in the barn of his Connecticut farm. Artzybasheff's deep hate of tyranny is exemplified in the show by the extraordinary swastika shapes into which he twisted his caricatures of the Nazis. Above all, his humor and *joie de vivre* are revealed in countless ways, including a large eye containing a tiny sparkle that, in turn, contains the precise reflection of an attractive female.

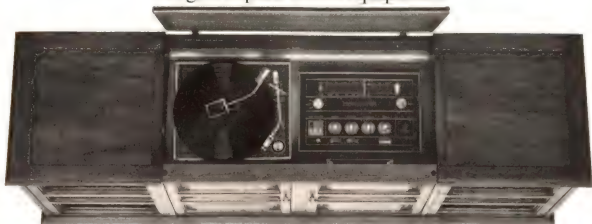
"The Worlds of Boris Artzybasheff" will be open to the public through Nov. 18. We feel that many of our readers will want to join us in revisiting those extraordinary worlds.

A MEMORIAL of a very different sort is a special report published last week by TIME-LIFE BOOKS entitled *The Pope's Visit*, a 96-page recapitulation of the Pontiff's historic journey to New York. Along with 64 pages of color photographs, the volume includes the full text of his U.N. speech, his life story, accounts of earlier traveling Popes, and a summary of the work being done by the Vatican Council. The book is on sale at newsstands but may also be obtained by sending a \$1.95 check or money order to: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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Suppose it happened to you. How long would you be able to carry on without your regular paycheck? Have you any hedge against a squeeze on the things your family needs—or against that awful feeling of insecurity?

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"paychecks" worth \$175 million to policyholders unable to work. That's a lot of help for people who need it—and were wise enough to look, in advance, to Metropolitan.

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TIME

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THE NATION

THE CONGRESS

Holiday for Builders

"And now, Mr. Speaker, there being no further business," drawled Acting House Majority Leader Hale Boggs of Louisiana, "it is my honor and privilege to move that the first session of the 89th Congress do now adjourn." The clock stood at 12:52 a.m.; the Senate had quit two minutes earlier. To a chorus of yahoos, Speaker John McCormack banged his gavel, and the 40-odd members still on the floor headed jubilantly for the exits.

Thus, at long last, Congress wound up a first session whose record of legislative achievement (see box) was unsurpassed in bulk or scope by that of any other Congress in U.S. history—even by Franklin Roosevelt's celebrated 73rd. In a heartfelt thank-you message to his congressional lieutenants, Lyndon Johnson predicted: "What you have done will find a shining residence in the history books."

Words: \$3,000,000. The Congress had also set records for the bookkeepers. In all, the 89th spent \$119.3 billion—a total unprecedented in peacetime and one that will require decades to pay off; interest on this year's national debt alone came to \$11 billion. With its oratorical blast, the session had filled more than 33,250 pages of the *Congressional Record*, another record, which cost the taxpayers only some \$3,000,000.

As adjournment fever gripped the Hill, a constant flow of bills shuttled between the Capitol's wings, to be acted on within hours by both House and Senate. Energetically sweeping out the legislative leftovers, the two houses sped through dozens of bypassed bills on matters ranging from authorization to fly the U.S. flag 24 hours a day in Lexington, Mass., to approving medals for the 250th anniversary of San Antonio in 1968.

Pork Prize. More substantive measures authorized a \$1.4 billion vocational-rehabilitation program, a \$178 million-a-year 10% increase in disabled veterans' pensions, and the traditional pork-barrel prize for the Congressmen themselves: 140 pet rivers-and-harbors projects in 41 states, at a cost of \$2 billion.

And, as always with the 89th, the week saw one major Administration victory: final passage of President Johnson's \$2.3 billion higher-education bill establishing the nation's first undergraduate federal scholarships.

With its supporters in no mood to haggle with the opposition, the White House also suffered some last-minute reverses. In the \$4.7 billion appropriation measure, House-Senate conferees knocked out the \$13 million needed to launch a National Teachers Corps—which Administration opponents had tried unsuccessfully to eliminate from the original higher-education bill. Also dropped in the Senate for this year was the Administration's controversial rent-subsidy scheme, whose funds had been denied by the House the week before.

Exact Quorum. As the last day dawned, only two obstacles remained to adjournment: a proposed pay raise for federal employees, and a sugar bill to set quotas for domestic production and foreign imports. Grudgingly the House, which had wanted to give Gov-

ernment workers a raise of 4%, unanimously passed a Senate version limiting the increase to 3.6% when President Johnson threatened to veto anything higher. The Senate, for its part, acquiesced to a House-passed sugar bill granting U.S. growers a 580,000-ton increase in annual production, and setting foreign quotas for five years instead of two, as the Senate preferred. But Congress rejected amendments designed to 1) curb the activities of sugar lobbyists, and 2) permit foreign quotas to be fixed by the Administration instead of the House Agriculture Committee's autocratic chairman, Harold Cooley.

On a first sugar ballot, near midnight, Senate leaders found that they lacked a quorum, sent pages scurrying to round up absent members. Ohio's Frank Lausche arrived in black tie and dinner jacket. Then, in an exact quorum vote of 41 to 10, the upper chamber passed the sugar bill—the last law of the session.

Busy Line. After that there remained only the traditional report to the President. Mike Mansfield and Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen went to Mansfield's office, put in a call to L.B.J. The last problem. A new girl was on the White House switchboard; the President was talking to someone else, she explained, and she did not dare interrupt. Chivalrously Mansfield and Dirksen twiddled their thumbs as the operator repeatedly reassured them. "Just a minute." Finally the normally placid Mansfield lost patience, snapped at the girl that she was keeping the U.S. Senate waiting. The call went through, and Mansfield delivered his formal notification to the President: "The Senate has completed its business." Back on the floor, he announced: "The President has no further communications to Congress at this session"—the "this" evoking weary chuckles from the members, who will reconvene Jan. 10.

In the eyes of Administration supporters, the 89th had risen heroically to the challenge of a nation undergoing vast economic, technological and social change while striving as never before to heal its ragged edges of prejudice and poverty. But many a fellow



MANSFIELD & DIRKSEN
Unsurpassed by any other.

THE 89TH CONGRESS: Acting on the Visionary

THE thrust and direction of the prodigious 89th Congress were set by Lyndon Johnson in two speeches. Before a University of Michigan audience at Ann Arbor on May 22, 1964, the President called on the nation to "create new concepts of cooperation, a creative federalism, between the national capital and the leaders of local communities." In his State of the Union address to the assembled Congress in Washington last Jan. 4, he defined his own soaring dreams of what American life should be. "Our nation," he said then, "was created to help strike away the chains of ignorance and misery and tyranny wherever they keep man less than God means him to be." The Congress, warming up to the "creative federalism" approach to nationwide problems, has already transformed many of President Johnson's visionary phrases into laws and programs.

We begin to build our Great Society in our cities, in our countryside, in our classrooms.

URBAN AFFAIRS. A \$7.8 billion housing program aims to meet such varied needs as urban renewal, campus dwellings for college students, and 60,000 more public-housing units. Congress went further and created the first new Cabinet post in twelve years, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, which amalgamates a batch of existing bureaus within a single agency devoted to the problems of the cities, where 70% of all Americans now live.

THE ENVIRONMENT. Congress passed an unprecedented highway beautification bill that provides for withholding some federal road funds from states that tolerate unsightly billboards and unconcealed junkyards. The 89th also 1) authorized \$240 million for new landscaping along certain federal highways, 2) set up federal regulations that by 1968 will limit atmospheric pollution from automotive exhaust pipes, and 3) approved a water-pollution control law that could lead to courtroom prosecution of industries or individuals responsible for fouling U.S. waters.

EDUCATION. The Congress made history with its education bills. One act allows public-school districts to receive federal funds for the first time without specifically detailed directives as to how the money must be spent. Most of the \$1.3 billion authorized for elementary and secondary schools will go to districts with 3% of their student enrollment from families making under \$2,000 a year—a qualification that includes 90% of all U.S. school districts. To sweeten the package for some of those who have opposed such bills in the past, the Johnson measure allows private and parochial (largely Catholic) schools to get their own federal funds for books and to "share" whatever new federally purchased public-school facilities are created in their area. A \$2.3 billion higher-education bill, rammed through last week, allows \$70 million for the nation's first Government-financed college scholarships (up to \$1,000 a year per student), offers \$460 million in construction grants to colleges, sets up funds to finance programs aimed at strengthening developing institutions (particularly small Southern Negro colleges), underwrites interest on loans for college students from families making under \$15,000 a year.

The Great Society rests on abundance and liberty for all.

IMMIGRATION. The Congress junked the outdated national-origins quota system, opening U.S. doors to thousands of eager immigrants who had been kept out in the past because of arbitrary numerical limitations set 41 years ago.

VOTING. After nearly a century of neglect and outright violation, the 15th Amendment's "guarantee" of the vote to all Americans at last became a viable, enforceable

part of U.S. law. After a 24-day filibuster in the Senate was choked off (marking the seventh occasion in U.S. history that a cloture vote has passed), the Congress cleared a tough voting-rights bill that abolished much-abused literacy tests and allowed federal registrars to move into Southern counties where blatant racial discrimination had existed for decades. Within three months of passage, 168,000 new Negro voters had been registered in the South.

We will build a richer life of mind and spirit.

CULTURE. No U.S. Congress had ever done more than laugh at the idea of spending taxpayers' money for anything as intangible as the arts—until the 89th. With scarcely a titter, it approved an Administration-originated bill establishing a National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, authorized \$63 million to back it up.

Give every citizen an escape from the crushing weight of poverty.

APPALACHIA. The President failed to get the bill in 1964, but this year Congress passed (62-22 in the Senate; 257-165 in the House) Johnson's request for \$1.1 billion in aid to the depressed eleven-state Appalachia region. The bulk of the money (\$840 million) will go toward a highway system in the area aimed hopefully at bringing in new industry and making jobs more accessible to mountain folk.

ANTI-POVERTY. A hefty \$1.8 billion (\$285 million more than Johnson himself requested) was authorized for the war on poverty, mostly to finance job-retraining programs for the unskilled and the unemployed and to set up Youth Corps camps. A regional development bill providing \$3.2 billion to finance public-works grants and loans that will create new jobs in depressed areas, also went through without trouble.

Our goal is to match the achievements of our medicine to the afflictions of our people.

HEALTH. Harry Truman started pressing for a medicare program in 1945. Twenty years and three Presidents later, the 89th came through with a vast, \$6.5 billion plan for people over 65 providing 1) hospital and nursing-home care paid for by a compulsory payroll tax, and 2) voluntary coverage of other medical costs (including doctors' bills), financed by a \$3-a-month premium from participants themselves. The Congress also authorized \$340 million for intensive research into heart disease, cancer and stroke; set up strong new controls over the sale of barbiturates and amphetamines; extended federal programs to immunize children against diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough and—for the first time—measles; insisted that all cigarette packages carry the message, "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health"; granted \$224 million to mental health centers, and \$205 million more to help retarded children.

We must keep our nation prosperous.

ECONOMY. The 89th pushed through a wad of economy-stimulating bills, most notably a measure slashing excise taxes on items such as furs, jewelry, appliances, cars and entertainment by \$4.8 billion over the next four years. The debt limit was hiked to \$328 billion. Because of increasing industrial demands for silver, a bill was passed to eliminate it completely from dimes and quarters and cut silver content of half-dollars to 40%. Congress eliminated the 20-year-old requirement that each Federal Reserve Bank keep gold reserves totaling 25% of its total deposits, thus releasing \$5 billion in gold to meet international demands on the dollar and allowing the nation's money supply to expand.

Republican agreed with Indiana Representative Richard Roubush, who warned: "For those who believe in limited government and preservation of personal liberties, this Congress has been a disaster." To Republican Congressman Robert Griffin of Michigan, the 89th was "the Great Stampede," and Richard Nixon dubbed it "the Xerox Congress."

In fact, though House G.O.P. Conference Leader Melvin Laird of Wisconsin mourned that "we are dangerously close to one-party rule," Republicans had inflicted several key defeats on the Administration. With Southern Democrats, the G.O.P. blocked the Johnson-backed home-rule bill for the District of Columbia. A seven-day filibuster commanded by Minority Leader Dirksen smashed Johnson's bid to repeal Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, under which states may pass laws outlawing union membership as a condition of employment. On the positive side, Republicans contributed to the medicare bill a major section providing for voluntary payments, matched by the Government, for physicians' services. The biggest achievement was the landmark 1965 Voting Rights Act, which was drafted in Dirksen's office; and it was he who rallied bipartisan support for the measure.

On to 1966. As the 89th's members went home to face the electorate, they could look forward to a lighter legislative load in the second session—if only because the White House no longer has many major programs ready to propose. Congress nonetheless will face a responsibility next year that promises to be both subtler and more difficult than the enthusiastic rush of 1965. For, having generously supplied all the measures aimed at creating a richer and more equitable society, the lawmakers will be confronted with the hazards inevitable in so great an enterprise: corruption, misjudgment, frustration, disenchantment.

As suggested last week by a survey showing that 50% of all Britons would gladly jettison the welfare state, even the loftiest visions of a better society can be swiftly outdated—and rightly so—by a general rise in living standards and social expectations. If the 89th Congress is indeed to shine in the history books, it will need to deal wisely and well with the cooler second phase of the Great Society.

THE PRESIDENCY

Hurting Good

Holding court on the hospital golf course at Bethesda, Md., Lyndon Johnson allowed that he was gaining "a little more strength" each day. "But," he added, "I don't want to leave the impression that I feel the way I did when I came in." Then, by way of illustration, the President pulled up his blue knit sports shirt and let the whole world inspect the ugly twelve-inch seam in the flesh under his right rib cage where

doctors had removed his gall bladder and a kidney stone.

"We had two operations for the price of one," he explained to startled reporters. "Dr. [George] Hallenbeck went in and messed around for a couple of hours and then stood back and let the other fella go in. There are still footprints everywhere that hand went in, and I can still feel it."

Less dramatically, the President was also making tracks. At the end of his second postoperative week, his doctors pronounced: "The prognosis is excellent." He still looked somewhat drawn, and Press Secretary Bill Moyers had informed newsmen earlier that it would take more time than anyone had thought for the President to recover his full



LYNDON & SCAR

Footprints could still be felt.

strength. Nonetheless, Johnson no longer winced with pain when he walked. The day after his first stiff quarter-mile outing in the hospital grounds, he ventured outside for a 1½-mile stroll and cheerfully shook hands with passers-by. He stopped to chat with Mrs. Margaret Pisapia of Silver Spring, Md., who told him: "You look wonderful." "I'm doing O.K.," he replied, "for an old man." When he returned to his third-floor room, he had enough energy left to sign 21 minor bills, then visited a dentist in the hospital to have a tooth filled.

Visit to 4-C. Gradually, the patient—and the presidency—returned to normal. The doctors removed the third and last drainage tube from his abdomen. Lady Bird took a brief out-of-town trip for the first time since the operation. Johnson conferred increasingly with officials. Dressed in a business suit with vest, he held his first ceremonial bill-signing session in the hospital. After putting his signature on a law requiring

automobile manufacturers to meet new exhaust-control standards beginning with 1968 models, he delivered a little homily on the perils of air pollution and duly handed out the pens, bestowing two on Michigan's Senator Pat McNamara. "You passed so damn much legislation," explained Lyndon. "Take an extra pen home with you."

Then Johnson visited the sailors and marines in Ward 4-C, who had hung a get-well sign from their window, took a two-mile walk, put in a few practice putts, held an impromptu press conference, and signed the \$3.2 billion foreign aid bill, with a warning that "accomplishments, not apologies, are what the American people expect." Though the doctors announced that he could check out the next day, Johnson, sounding more and more like his old self, admonished reporters not to predict when he would leave the hospital or go to his Texas ranch.

Next day, his 14th in the hospital, Johnson returned to the White House on schedule. Before departing, he visited marines who had been wounded in Viet Nam. "I feel like one of the fellow casualties," he cracked to one group. To others, more seriously wounded, he said: "Guys like you have made this nation great."

Advice from Ike. A reception committee consisting of White House aides, Him the beagle and Blanco the white collie waited at the mansion. Lyndon greeted the dogs first, picking up Him for some whispered endearments, petting Blanco.

Despite all the previous disclosures, more information about the operation continued to dribble out. Moyers revealed that before the first announcement was made on Oct. 5th, Johnson had brought Dwight Eisenhower to Washington to seek his advice on new treatment of a presidential illness. Dr. Hallenbeck subsequently disclosed that his medical team had held two rehearsals, primarily to perfect emergency procedures in case the President suffered heart difficulty while undergoing surgery.

Therapeutic Scenery. By this time, Johnson was buck in harness, pulling forward rather than looking back. He signed some more bills in private, met with Cabinet officials, and presided at his first postoperative public ceremony, signing the \$320 million Highway Beautification Act, otherwise known as "Lady Bird's bill." The First Lady got the first pen—and a smooch. Johnson observed there was "no better medicine" for him than the unobstructed view of fall foliage on his ride back from the hospital.

Seeking even more therapeutic scenery, after a day of White House work, he left for his Texas ranch at week's end to complete his recuperation. On arrival at Johnson City, Johnson promised to watch his weight and otherwise behave as the "model patient" his doctors called him. He was still chipper. But, putting a hand on his abdomen, he observed: "I hurt good."



PRESIDENT JOHNSON & MOYERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

"Of every ten ideas that cross L.B.J.'s desk, five must be Bill's."

THE ADMINISTRATION

L.B.J.'s Young Man

"In Charge of Everything"

(See Cover)

On Nov. 22, 1963, Bill Don Moyers, the young deputy director of the Peace Corps, was lunching with Texas Democratic bigwigs at the elegant 40 Acres Club in Austin. At 12:42 a waiter summoned him to the phone. Minutes later, a somber Moyers returned to the table. "The President has been shot and is believed dead," he said. "The Governor has been shot and is critically wounded. The Vice President is believed to have been wounded." Instinctively, Moyers, a longtime protégé and former aide of Lyndon B. Johnson, raced off to a chartered twin-engine Cessna and flew to Dallas; in mid-trip, he heard a radio announcer declare solemnly: "The President is dead."

At Dallas' Love Field, Moyers hurried aboard Air Force One to join the new President. A Secret Service man, who did not recognize him, barred him from the forward compartment where Lyndon Johnson was about to take the oath of office. Moyers saw a note—"I'm here if you need me"—and sent it in. In seconds the forward door swung open, and Moyers was there to witness the swearing-in.

Efficient Normalcy. Johnson's doer has been open to Moyers ever since. In the White House, the President has used his young aide as an organizer and expeditor, speech editor and legislative coordinator. In times of trouble, the President has called on him repeatedly to take on new and ever more demanding responsibilities. Most of Moyers' work was done behind the scenes until, in another crisis last July,

he stepped in to fill the vacant office of White House press secretary. Thus, it was not until the most recent emergency, the President's gall-bladder operation, that Moyers' smooth, owlish, utterly earnest face finally became familiar on the nation's TV screens. Day after day, Americans watched in fascination as Moyers read the complex, meticulously detailed summaries of President Johnson's operation and convalescence.

While he barely looked his 31 years, slight (6 ft., 158 lbs.), dark-haired Bill Moyers managed somehow to impart just the right air of efficient normalcy. For the first time, the country and the world began to get an impression of the young man who is closest to the President of the U.S.

White House Catalyst. Officially, Bill Moyers is only one of seven White House special assistants to the President. In practice, he is Johnson's No. 1 aide. He was the chief overseer in drafting Lyndon's 1965 domestic program, serving as the "catalyst"—his term—that got the task forces moving and helped turn their blue-sky proposals into concrete measures. He heads up "Project 66," Lyndon's domestic legislative program for next year. "Of every ten ideas that cross L.B.J.'s desk," says a colleague, "five must be Bill's." He is the editor who hands out assignments to several speechwriters and gives their efforts the penultimate polish (Lyndon, naturally, has the final say). As press secretary, he sees his role as that of interpreter of the President to the public and the filter of public opinion back to the White House.

Perhaps the greatest measure of the President's faith in his judgment was the role he played when Lyndon John-

son underwent surgery. During the hours when Johnson's mind was dulled by anesthesia, somebody had to be empowered to decide whether to transfer the office of the presidency to Vice President Hubert Humphrey in case of a crisis. That somebody was Moyers.

Operating out of an office in the West Wing of the White House, Moyers has access to virtually every secret document in the national archives, is a regular at the exclusive Tuesday luncheons with Lyndon and his "Big Three" on foreign affairs—Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Special Assistant McGeorge Bundy. The President one day will call him "my vice president in charge of anything"; the next, he will say Bill is "in charge of everything." Some White House watchers go so far as to rate him the No. 2 man in the entire Administration—over such Cabinet members as McNamara—on the assumption that keeping L.B.J. running smoothly is every bit as vital a task as running the Pentagon.

Spectral Figures. Moyers is one of the men whom Political Scientist Louis W. Koenig describes in *The Invisible Presidency* as "the toilers in the shadows." "American History," contends Koenig, "is customarily written as a saga of great men, especially great Presidents. It needs also to be written—or rewritten—in terms of 'second men,' the spectral figures who toil influentially in the shadows around the presidential throne." Serving as "extensions of the President's personality, his eyes and ears," he adds, they cover a range "virtually as broad as the presidency itself."

The description is particularly relevant to Lyndon Johnson's staff. "With this President," says Moyers, "you've got to be ready to catch the ball and run with it any time it's tossed to you. You've got to be a darned good generalist." To Johnson, the ideal staff man is one who "can do anything for you and do it fast"—and keep the boss happy by doing it with as little publicity as possible. In the glare of the klieg lights that focus on the press secretary, Moyers is hardly in the shadows any more, but he understands and shares Johnson's disapproval of headline-happy hired hands. Nor is L.B.J. unique in that respect. "The best way to stay out of trouble," John F. Kennedy once told Special Counsel Ted Sorensen, "is to stay out of sight."

Because they fit into no neat bureaucratic pigeonhole and are constantly competing for the President's attention, Moyers and his White House conferees live in a state of perpetual uncertainty. "An adviser's status," says Koenig, "is not something that can be settled and defined by resonant titles, explicit conferrals of authority, or the organization chart. Status is the subtle, changeable, but unmistakable florescence of the President's mind."

"Mah Preacher." Ambition helps, of course—and so does a degree of ruthlessness. Though Moyers is a natural

loner with the sort of drive that would probably propel him to the top in any milieu, even his closest rivals for the President's favor have never accused him of using his influence unfairly. One official, who admitted recently to having "goofed one," said that Moyers went in to tell the President about it—without a word about who had actually made the blunder. "Johnson gave him a terrific chewing out," he recalls. "Moyers just stood there and took it and never passed it on to me."

Others have noted Moyers' capacity for absorbing a blistering rebuke from Johnson with the clinical detachment of a volcanologist measuring an eruption. He can do so because he is uncommonly sure of himself. There is an easy communion between the two men. Johnson kiddingly refers to Moyers as "mah Baptist preacher." Moyers, who was ordained to become a teacher, not a preacher, kids Lyndon right back. As the President tells the story, Moyers one day was saying grace before a White House dinner in such a low voice that he could hardly be heard. "Speak up, Bill!" bellowed Lyndon. "Speak up!" Mumbled Moyers: "I wasn't addressing you, Mr. President."

On another occasion, when one of Lyndon's secretaries started a zealous campaign to save the great man's artifacts for posterity, Moyers solidly refused to cooperate, throwing away all L.B.J.-initialed memos, scrawled notes and other Johnsoniana. Finally, after the lady had become persistent, Moyers ceremoniously handed her a bulging brown envelope. Inside was a goosy mess of chicken bones. Deadpanned Moyers: "That's what he had for lunch."

Nap Time. Johnson has had bad luck with some of his closest advisers. Bobby Baker turned out to be a money-hungry charlatan. Walter Jenkins, Moyers' overworked predecessor as top staff man, was arrested in a Washington Y.M.C.A. men's room and booked on a morals charge. Moyers is honest, resilient and, above all, shrewd enough to insist on getting away from his man-killing job whenever possible. He insists on spending all the time he can with his family. Invited to Camp David for a weekend with Lyndon and his entourage on one occasion, he said: "I'm sorry, Mr. President, but my wife and I have longstanding plans."

Important as it is, Moyers' role is often exaggerated. He is no *omnipotent grise*; for Johnson is loath to delegate power, and when he does, it is never on a full-authority basis, as was the case with Dwight Eisenhower and Sherman Adams, or, to a lesser degree, with John F. Kennedy and Brother Bobby. The most Moyers can do is nudge the President, but he does so with less trepidation than anyone whose initials are not L.B.J. When the President got to talking at a recent luncheon, it looked as if he would ramble on until dusk. Moyers edged out of his chair, hovered pointedly at the President's elbow, thumbing through a sheaf of top-secret State Department papers. Finally he announced: "We are cutting into the President's nap time. It is really time to go." End of lunch.

Bothered Brethren. To many Washingtonians, Moyers is one of the squarier guys in town. Because of his Baptist credentials, his cottage-cheese complexion and Sunday-school propriety, he is likely to have trouble shedding the Eagle Scout image. Yet, insists Dr. DeWitt Reddick, director of the University of Texas Journalism School, where Moyers was a straight-A student: "There's nothing sanctimonious about him." And, press critics to the contrary, he was never a Boy Scout.

In fact, Moyers' emancipated ways have landed him in deep trouble with the fundamentalists back home. He smokes half-a-dozen long, thin, 25¢ Fiesta Brazil cigars every day; he even took to sipping a few watered-down bourbons each week. As a result, he has received quite a few "Brother Moyers" letters from hard-shell Baptists who have heard evil rumors of his dissolute ways. Only recently, he decided to give up drinking altogether—not only because of the furor but also to please his stern-principled parents. It was just as well, for he only recently brought a peptic ulcer under control. To keep it so, he quaffs quarts of milk and Coca-Cola, consumes cups of bouillon at midmorning and midafternoon, takes a couple of Pro-Banthine pills daily.

Three Crises. A couple of years ago, Lyndon Johnson said that Moyers was "about the most unusual 29-year-old I ever saw." In the intervening period he has lived up to that billing in three major presidential crises, performing su-

perbly each time. After the first, the assassination, one of Johnson's initial acts was to install Moyers in the space nearest the oval office. "He's the man to see now," said a Kennedy staffer. "Not us." The second emergency erupted three weeks before the election, with Jenkins' arrest and hurried resignation. Stunned as he was, the President did not have to think twice before naming Moyers his top aide.

Crisis three unfolded last July, when amiable, bumbling Press Secretary George Reedy left the job for an operation on his feet. Johnson's relations with the press had never been worse. Once more he turned to Moyers. "I think you're the man who should do it," said he. "I don't think I can do it," replied Moyers.

L.B.J.: "Well, I want you to do it."

Moyers (Pause): "Yes, sir. Let's try it."

Letter-Day Boswell. As Press Secretary, Moyers has provided a gusher of information where once there had been an erratic trickle. Some reporters have even complained that there was far too much, particularly after a weekend at the LBJ Ranch, when Moyers deluged them with 40-odd handouts hymning Administration triumphs ranging from a campaign to reduce wasted space in post offices to a wildlife preserve in Maryland. Moyers totally lacks the histrionic instincts of a Pierre Salinger, the avuncular authority of a Jim Hagerty. But after only 3½ months on the job, he is widely rated as the best White House Press Secretary in memory.

In his big test, the President's gallbladder operation, Moyers' performance consolidated that estimate. Since



WHITE HOUSE, NOV. 23, 1963

"You've got to be ready . . .



BETHESDA, OCT. 20, 1965

. . . to catch the ball and run."

the President's Oct. 8 operation, he has been like a latter-day Boswell, always keeping a spiral-bound notebook at hand to record everything that Lyndon said and did. And about the only time that Moyers was not with the President was when he was briefing the press on his progress. Though some newsmen blamed him for concealing the existence of one kidney stone until after it was removed by surgery and of another that is still embedded in the kidney, it was the President who decided to keep them, so to speak, to himself.

Proud Papa. Johnson and Moyers understand each other, in part, because they have similar backgrounds. Both are Southwesterners to the core, though Moyers has taken on more of the East's special patina than has his boss. Both came from families that were far from well-off. Both made it on their own.

Moyers' father, Henry, is a onetime cotton chopper, candy salesman and truck driver who is now a timekeeper at an ordinance works near Marshall, Texas. Henry Moyers never ceases to wonder at Bill's present eminence, for he entertained far less lofty ambitions for both of his sons (James, 38, joined the White House staff Sept. 1 as an administrative assistant). "It makes you awfully proud," says he, "to have raised two boys and to look back and say the police never called to say, 'We've got them in jail.'"

Bill was born in Hugo, Okla., but the family moved to Texas while he was still in diapers, finally settling in Marshall, a sizable (pop. 25,000) East Texas oil-processing and manufacturing town named after Chief Justice John Marshall. Moyers considers himself a Texan. "Do I detect a Texas accent?" a TV interviewer once asked him. "Not only in my speech, sir," he replied, "but in my heart."

Though his father was never much of a money-maker, the family lived

comfortably in a two-bedroom white house with green shutters. At 14, a "thin, scrawny, tallow-faced boy," as his father recalls him, Bill went to work sacking groceries at the A. & P. for 75¢ an hour, still found time to write for Marshall High School's newspaper *The Parrot* (whose most famous staffer was Lady Bird Johnson), serve as a cheerleader and bandsman, play the role of the parson in his senior class play *One Foot in Heaven*, and rack up a scholastic average of 95.7%.

Mendelian Long Shot. In his two years at North Texas State College, Moyers was twice top student, twice class president. In summer vacations he worked for Publisher Millard Cope's Marshall News Messenger as a \$25-a-week reporter. With his first byline, he dropped the y from his given name, Billy, has never taken it back. Not all of the paper's hands found the scholarly-looking cub a welcome addition. "Just what we needed," grumbled one. "A part-time college boy with neither whisky nor whiskers—one you can't even cuss in front of."

His first day at North Texas State, Moyers met a green-eyed black-haired home-economics major named Judith Davidson, daughter of a Dallas postal clerk. "She sat in front of me," he recalls. "Instead of dropping a handkerchief for me to pick up, she left her books underneath the seat. The professor suggested that I return them to her, and I have been the victim of that conspiracy ever since." They were married in 1954, now have three children—William Cope, 6, Suzanne, 3, and John, 1—all, by some Mendelian long shot, blue-eyed blonds.

In the spring of 1954, Moyers sat down and wrote a two-page letter to

Fellow Texan Lyndon B. Johnson, then Democratic Leader of the U.S. Senate, solemnly reminding him of the importance of the youth vote and offering his services in Johnson's 1954 campaign for re-election. Johnson checked him out with Publisher Cope, an old friend, got so glowing a report that he put him on his Washington staff for the summer. Said Lyndon: "I want you to learn everything you can."

World of Words. Moyers' first assignment was to address 100,000 envelopes with a pedal-powered machine; he started at 7 p.m., finished at 9 o'clock the next morning. That summer he got to feeling that Johnson did not even know he existed. At the end of his Washington stint, Lyndon summoned Moyers to his baronial office, urged him to transfer to the University of Texas, and offered him a \$300-a-month job with KTBC, Lady Bird's Austin television station.

At the university, Moyers would rise at 5 a.m., work three hours at the TV station, return for breakfast, then go off to classes. He preached on alternate Sundays at two small Baptist churches nearby. There was even time for horseplay. Bested in a water-pistol fight with a KTBC announcer, Moyers retaliated by setting off a firecracker while he was on the air. The announcer abandoned the microphone, chased Moyers around the block, caused five minutes of silence on the station. Another time, he labored over a commercial extolling the virtues of a local establishment called Hattie's, knowing well that it would never be aired. Hattie's was Austin's most celebrated bordello.

Busy as he was, Moyers managed to compile one of the best records in the journalism school's history, on the strength of it won a \$3,000 Rotary International scholarship that enabled him to study ecclesiastical history at the University of Edinburgh for a year. John Baillie was dean of the divinity faculty at the time—and, by curious coincidence, it was Baillie's *A Diary of Private Prayer* that Lyndon Johnson



BILLY DON AT 3



MR. & MRS. HENRY MOYERS



HIGH SCHOOL BANDSMAN (1950)

Without whisky or whiskers, a \$25-a-week reporter.

picked up and read to his nurse just before going into surgery three weeks ago.

The year in Scotland, say friends, also buffed down Bill Moyers' Texas twang. After Edinburgh and a three-month, 12,000-mile tour of Western Europe, Moyers entered Fort Worth's Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. However, long before he won his bachelor of divinity degree in 1959, he was beginning to worry that he and the church were mismatched. "I wanted to invest my talents in the broadest possible river," he says, "and I felt that journalism and public affairs were wider and faster flowing than the ministry." When he graduated, despite his conviction that the ministry was too much "a world of words and not of action," he accepted a lectureship in Christian ethics at Baylor. Then, Lyndon Johnson asked him to rejoin his staff. Moyers accepted with alacrity.

Hands & Feet. Moving into an office just outside the "throne room" in the Senate Majority Leader's lavish suite, Moyers served as Lyndon's personal aide, writing letters, answering phones, drafting statements. When Johnson announced his presidential candidacy, Moyers packed his family off to Texas, moved into the basement of the Johnson home, for the next five months was rarely out of L.B.J.'s sight. During the Democratic National Convention he slept in an outsized closet in Johnson's suite at Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel.

Lyndon, of course, accepted second billing after losing the nod to J.F.K., and in the hectic vice-presidential campaign that followed, Moyers alone could control the disarray for which the boss was notorious. He knew the schedules, kept the press informed, proved a whiz at making arrangements. He claims he was no more than "hands and feet" during the entire operation, but Lyndon obviously valued him more highly than that. So did Kennedy's Irish Mafia, whose members found Moyers one of the few Johnson aides with whom they could work. After the inauguration, Moyers was installed in the elegant vice-presidential suite that soon came to be known as the Taj Mahal. It was the kind of job that men 20 years his senior would have relished. Not Moyers.

The Peace Corps, just then taking shape, appealed powerfully to his evangelistic instincts. He enlisted the support of Director Shriver and of Washington Attorney James H. Rowe Jr., a longtime Johnson friend. wrote Rowe to Sargent Shriver, the corps' director: "If I were a young man, I think I would be content at the age of 26 to be the top assistant of the Vice President. But this boy Moyers is willing to give this up, without a backward look, so he can 'do good.' The world is full—and the Peace Corps will be—of people who want to 'do good' and have not the slightest idea how. This young man knows how. He is that curious and very rare blend of idealist-operator."



THE MOYERS: COPE, BILL, JOHN, JUDITH & SUZANNE
With the children, the Paul Bunyan legend.

The letter clinched it. L.B.J. let him go, and Moyers was named one of five associate directors of the corps. His biggest job was selling the idea to Congress, and he went about it by selling Sarge Shriver. Using the Capitol Hill contacts he had developed as Johnson's aide, he and Shriver called on practically every member of Congress, thereby ensuring support for the corps where previously there had been mostly skepticism or indifference. At Shriver's urging, Kennedy 18 months later made Moyers deputy director.

Time off for Homework. Moyers, at 28, was one of the youngest officials ever presented to the Senate for confirmation. "If this trend continues," growled the Meridian (Miss.) Star, "appointees to high Administration posts will have to have time off to do their school homework." Louisiana Democrat Russell Long just could not believe that Moyers was not somehow related to Lyndon Johnson. "Any blood relationship?" he asked. "No, sir," replied Moyers. "Not through marriage or otherwise?" Long persisted. "Only political," said Moyers. Some Senators considered his proposed \$19,500 salary outrageous; few were aware that he had in his pocket a \$30,000 offer from private industry. In the end, he was overwhelmingly confirmed by voice vote.

Moyers flourished in the deputy director's job. "We were able to take an idealistic dream and develop it into an effective program," he recalls. "Few things in life can be as satisfying as that." He handled day-to-day administration, oversaw personnel programs, supervised overseas logistics. He dined occasionally at the White House, was even asked to Bobby Kennedy's Hickory Hill, a rare honor for a Johnson man. A less pleasant task fell to him when he took over Peace Corps recruiting. He found the operation a mess, immediately fired 17 people.

An Icy Piety. That toughness stood Moyers in good stead when he took over the press job last July. One of the first things he did was ask Ike's press

secretary for his advice. Said Hagerty, now an ABC vice president: "Speak only when the President can't speak for himself." Moyers has done so with impressive authority, thanks to Johnson's carte blanche: "My desk is your beat." When in doubt, he says, he tries to heed his father's axiom: "Tell the truth when you can, and when you can't, don't tell a lie." Though he is himself a highly competent reporter, he is not without critics. As Reedy warned him, "This is one job where you can't make everybody happy." Says one reporter: "He's Mr. Snow in my book." There is an "icy piety" about him, complains another. Says a third, with grudging admiration: "He can shave the truth until it is as thin as a razor blade. Nevertheless, it is the truth."

Moyers rises at 6:15 a.m. in his five-bedroom brick home in McLean, Va., tries to squeeze in at least an hour with the children. Sometimes he frolics with them, and on special occasions performs his "magic" stunt of pulling a nickel out of an ear or a nose. More often he reads to them: he has just finished the legend of Paul Bunyan for six-year-old Cope (named after the Marshall publisher).

Around 8, Moyers steps into a waiting limousine for the drive across the Potomac, scans four or five morning papers and the *Congressional Record* en route. At the circular desk in his office, furnished in the phone-booth-functional L.B.J. style that staffers call "Pedernales Renaissance," he phones the other special assistants to check the agenda. At 9, Moyers and his colleagues generally spend an hour with the President reviewing assignments and problems. Back in his office, Moyers prepares for his 11 a.m. press briefing, phoning Lyndon for final instructions ten minutes beforehand. Afterward, he leaves his door open for 45 minutes in case any newsmen have special questions.

After lunch—sometimes a leisurely affair with the President, sometimes a fast hamburger and a glass of milk in the White House basement mess—he is back at his desk. At 3:30, he begins to

prepare for his 4 p.m. briefing, often faultlessly typing his own notes at 100 words a minute. Though he frequently works until 10 or 11, he tries to get away around 7:30. Says Judith: "When Bill isn't working, he is almost embarrassed about it."

"Serviceable Wisdom." No athlete, Moyers relaxes at the movies. He dislikes cocktail parties, and as Press Secretary has set some sort of record for that traditionally bibulous post by attending only two since he got the job—and both were for friends. His favorite pastime is reading, which he selects for "serviceable wisdom." Two weeks ago, when he and Brother Jim took their families to the Shenandoah Mountains to view the autumn foliage, Bill took along Robert E. Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, Clinton Rossiter's *The American*

Roosevelt and, not least, I.B.J.—"All that I am, I owe to him."

"America is a political nation," says Moyers, "and Lyndon Johnson is the man who has mastered the engine that drives America." He is quick to concede that "like all of us, the President has his faults," but reasons: "This country needs a strong, vigorous President, unaccustomed to living tamely. There is some misconception that power is evil. If one pursues power as an end in itself, that is bad, yes. But little progress can come without power, political or spiritual."

At the Fountainhead, Moyers has been long enough at the fountainhead of power to feel almost certain that he will remain in public life. Few Texans see a bright future for him as an elected representative of their state: his views



MOYERS & REPORTERS

"Effective" is the oft-repeated word.

Presidency, Machiavelli's *The Prince*, and a few others.

Moyers' own philosophy is expressed in a slightly truncated quote from Thomas Jefferson that hangs on his office wall: "The care of human life and happiness is the first and only legitimate object of good government." As he sees it, that observation is "the charter" of the Johnson Administration. "The umbral cord of the Great Society," he says, "runs right back to the Founding Fathers."

The Bow of Ideals. Like his boss, Moyers tempers his ideals with hard-headed pragmatism. Last March, addressing a group of Peace Corpsmen, he urged them to "pursue the ideals of a Joan of Arc with the political prowess of an Adam Clayton Powell. Whatever you say about Joan, her purpose was noble. And whatever you say about Adam, his policies are effective." The word effective crops up repeatedly in his conversation. "There is no substitute for the effective use of political skills to advance the cause of a great idea," he argues. "Ideas are great arrows, but there has to be a bow. And politics is the bow of idealism." In terms of this philosophy, Moyers numbers among his heroes Disraeli, Teddy Roosevelt, Franklin

on civil rights and economics are too liberal. Lately he has grown more interested in foreign relations, and may some day head in that direction. In any case, he is unlikely to abandon the seminary-bred notion of service. "Do you know that the word 'idiot' comes from the Greek?" asks Moyers, who studied the language in order to read the New Testament firsthand. "It means a man who did not participate in society." He adds: "This is a participant's generation, not a spectator generation." But he still expresses wonder at the exalted role he has come to play in Lyndon Johnson's Administration.

It was another President Johnson—Andrew—who, nearly a century ago, described the relationship between a President and an adviser as "a plant of slow growth." Where Bill Moyers and Lyndon Johnson are concerned, the plant has been maturing for eleven years now. Moyers needs Johnson and knows it. But Johnson also needs Bill Moyers: not as a son-figure, not as a no man—least of all as a yes man—but as a quick, incisive analyst and brilliant administrator. In all probability, as long as Lyndon Johnson remains in the White House, Bill Don Moyers will be in charge of anything—and everything.

THE JUDICIARY

Profile in Brinkmanship

The only major issue left on the Senate's agenda last week was, in a sense, a family affair—and the family was there in force to hear it out. In the galleries sat Ethel Kennedy in beige, Joan Kennedy in pink, Eunice Kennedy Shriver in purple. On the floor, New York's Senator Robert Kennedy had borrowed a colleague's seat for a better view of the action. The chamber was unusually still as Massachusetts' tall, blue-suited junior Senator rose to speak. "The question before the Senate," Edward Kennedy began, "is the confirmation of the appointment of Francis X. Morrissey as Judge of the United States Court for the District of Massachusetts."

For the next 20 minutes Teddy repeated his familiar dithyramb to the Kennedys' longtime political handyman. Swallowing heavily, Senator Kennedy, 33, came close to tears as he traced Frank Morrissey's career back half a century to the days when he was one of twelve children in a family so poor that their shoes were "held together with wooden pegs their father made." Chastising the American Bar Association and other professional groups that opposed Morrissey's nomination to the federal bench—they said he was the least qualified candidate in memory—Kennedy charged that their objections were rooted in snobbish distaste for the fact that struggling young Frank had been forced to attend "a local law school at night rather than a national law school by day." Earlier, and incorrectly, Teddy claimed that the A.B.A. had opposed Justice Brandeis' nomination to the Supreme Court in 1916.

Then, striving for a climax worthy of *Profiles in Courage*, Teddy finished his eulogy, paused, and declared: "I therefore ask unanimous consent that nomination of Francis Morrissey be recommended to the Committee on the Judiciary." Thus, he effectively killed Frank Morrissey's chances of a \$30,000-a-year lifetime federal judgeship, at least for now, and probably forever.

Anti-Shanty. Oddly enough, the Kennedys might just have scraped together enough votes to win. Their cause had been given a powerful boost by Nicholas Katzenbach, Bobby Kennedy's successor as U.S. Attorney General, who had assigned the FBI to look into Morrissey's confused past. Katzenbach's statement, contending that Morrissey's testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee had been entirely truthful, glossed over the essential details: the FBI report as released in summary form, did not resolve all the inconsistencies between Morrissey's testimony and other information that had come to light (*TIME*, Oct. 22).

The FBI report and the Katzenbach statement were reproduced by Teddy Kennedy's office and sent to the other 99 Senators with a covering letter offering further elucidation on request. The Kennedy brothers worked frantically

ally meanwhile to line up individual votes. One of their arguments was that the legal establishment is prejudiced against the "shanty Irish." The White House also made some phone calls to rally wavering support for Morrissey, who was, of course, President Johnson's nominee.

But the cost of victory was mounting. Virtually every Senator pledged to Morrissey's cause seemed increasingly embarrassed. Leverett Saltonstall, Teddy's senior colleague from Massachusetts, unhappily announced that he had changed his position from "no objection" to one favoring recommitment. Staunch Democratic allies of the Kennedys, notably Joseph Tydings of Maryland and Pennsylvania's Joseph Clark, warned that in all conscience they might have to vote no. As one Democratic skeptic put it: "If they vote for this guy, how can they keep the political hacks in their own states off their necks?"

Retreat from Embarrassment. Faced finally with a choice between inglorious victory and unpalatable defeat, Ted Kennedy went all the way to the brink—and chose defeat. Though virtually none of his colleagues knew of his decision in advance, he notified President Johnson of his switch the night before the Senate showdown. He also tipped off Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, whose forces had become reasonably confident that they could scuttle Morrissey's nomination. After crossing the Senate floor to give Teddy an avuncular handclasp, old Ev rumbled: "It takes something for a young man to subdue his pride. It doesn't bother an old bastard like me. But in a young man it takes courage."

Dirksen's plaudits, echoed by Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, reflected Senate sentiment. By the club's unwritten rules, a member's political imprudence is tolerable, even understandable—but only so long as it does not inconvenience his colleagues. Thus in the Senate's memory, Teddy's ill-advised efforts for an ill-equipped judicial nominee may be largely forgotten—while his retreat from the brink of embarrassment will be warmly remembered as an act of high courage. Outside the Senate, which is not likely to confine Teddy Kennedy's ambitions indefinitely, the Morrissey affair may be remembered as a negative entry in the record book of a clan that made great capital of the pursuit of excellence.

INVESTIGATIONS

Dark Days in Weird Week

In the privy Kalendar of the Ku Klux Klan, the code names for October, November and December are Sorrowful, Frightful and Appalling. In this Year of the Klan 1900, they may be Ruinous too. For whatever individual nemeses may await the Klan's various leaders during 13 weeks of public hearings before the House Un-American Activities Committee, daylight and logic are as lethal to the huggermugger

mystique of the "invisible empire" as Lysol is to microbes.

Inferior Lizard. As the Klan's high muggwumps fidgeted through four days of congressional catechism in the old House Caucus Room last week, they resorted to the same Pavlovian routine of pious non-response as their avowed arch-foes the Communists. The Klan's chief panjandrum, Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, 36, probably challenged the Communist record before the same committee by taking the First, Fourth, Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments a total of 158 times in two days, invoking the mumbled formula: "I respectfully decline to answer that question."

The sallow malaprop from Tuscaloosa apparently infected Republican



WIZARD SHELTON

"Respectably decline" was the answer.

Committee Member John Buchanan, a fellow Alabamian, who in one felicitous tongue-trip referred to Shelton as the "inferior lizard." During the fruitless questioning of James R. Jones, 37, the Klan's Grand Dragon of North Carolina, his attorney explained that Jones was having trouble understanding the questions because "he does not have a high-school education." Virginia's Grand Dragon, Robert Kornegay, 37, would not even admit that he was a U.S. citizen. The request that most clearly affronted Shelton and his reluctant dragons was the Congressmen's repeated demands for financial records.

Klandestine Kash. Committee Investigator Donald Appell's questioning of Shelton disclosed that the Klan's monthly "Imperial Tax" of 50¢ per member went into the account of a dummy organization called the Alabama Rescue Service, whose only ostensible mission was to provide Klandestine Kash for Shelton's 1965 Cadillac, diamond rings and grocery bills. Furthermore, Shelton's tax returns showed only about \$18,000 of the \$32,000 received in

1964 Klan taxes as Klan corporate income. Cried Ohio Republican John Ashbrook: "It's just a question of who gets him first—the Internal Revenue Service, or Congress on a contempt charge."

Dragons Jones and Kornegay were not much better off. Jones was accused of using Klan funds to buy a Cadillac and a station wagon, making personal use of a fund raised for a Klansman indicted in a bombing, and pocketing outrageous profits on sales of satin Klan robes—without turning in a corporate-tax return. Kornegay, it appeared, had been forced to flee to Virginia from North Carolina, where, as lecturer for the Klan, he had set up an insurance company, sold policies to Klansmen, then failed to reimburse them when the company was disbanded.

Achilles' Heel. While such activities were not classifiably un-American, the Congressmen's well-documented attack on the Klan surprised many critics of the committee, which heretofore has focused its investigative zeal on left-wing groups. Its hostility to Klan witnesses was all the more noteworthy because the committee is dominated by Southerners and Republicans—seven of whom voted against House passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Though the House committee's strategy was to hit first at what Georgia Democrat Charles Weltner called the Klan's "Achilles' heel"—its murky financial practices—there were hints that in coming weeks it would also be looking into the more lurid aspects of K.K.K. imperialism. Dragon Jones was questioned in vain about cross burnings and racist handbills that have been distributed in North Carolina. Kornegay took refuge in the familiar four amendments when confronted with a newspaper story quoting him as advocating "mass killings in Selma, Ala."

Nevertheless, as tangible evidence of the Klan's retaliatory zeal, the committee displayed a White Knights of Mississippi pamphlet that catalogues forms of harassment to be used on suspected foes. Among other tactics, it recommends pouring sugar into gasoline tanks, dumping snakes, dead rats or decapitated chickens into mailboxes. To "obscure the deadly seriousness of our work," the circular suggested, the Knights should refer to such ploys as "Halloween pranks"—enough, in Klan verbiage, to make any night Dark Day in Weird Week of Month Sorrowful.

NEW YORK

More Polyphyletic Than Profound

The World Series was over. The World's Fair had shut down. With the reappearance of strikebound newspapers, New Yorkers became interested again in their unceasingly intriguing city. In the last weeks before the Nov. 2 city election, they even started caring about their mayoral campaign. As beer drinkers on Third Avenue all agreed, it was a hard one to figure. In more fashionable circles, the word for the



DEMOCRATS POWELL & BEAME

15% Negro, 8% Puerto Rican, 11%



REPUBLICAN-LIBERAL LINDSAY

Italian, 4% Irish, 1,800,000 Jews, 3,400,000 Catholics, 1,700,000 Protestants.



CONSERVATIVE BUCKLEY

contest was "polyphyletic," or multi-ancestral—and it was still hard to figure. New York City's diverse and massive ethnic groups give politicians nightmares and pollsters the palsy. City census figures show 15% of New Yorkers are Negro, 8% Puerto Rican, 11% Italian, 4% Irish. There are an estimated 1,800,000 Jews, 3,400,000 Roman Catholics, and 1,700,000 Protestants. And there are 31 times as many registered Democrats as Republicans. Thus, the rare Republican candidate who wins the mayoralty (the last was Fiorello La Guardia in 1941) must straddle a multitude of attitudes. He must seem liberal enough to win over people who normally vote Democratic, correct enough to hold the WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) minority, yet independent enough to appeal to reform Democrats.

Manhattan Maverick. Oddly enough, the first Republican in decades with enough polyphyletic appeal to stand even a chance of winning is a WASP. John Vliet Lindsay, 43, is a towering (6 ft. 3 in.), Yale-educated Congressman from the city's well-heeled 17th District, who charged into the race five months ago as an authentic Manhattan maverick. He got the G.O.P. nomination and that of New York's labor-oriented Liberal Party, and disassociated himself from all the big-league Republicans—Dick Nixon, Nelson Rockefeller, Dwight Eisenhower—who might have campaigned for him in New York. As his running mates, Lindsay picked an Irish Catholic, University Professor Timothy W. Costello who is chairman of the Liberal Party, for city council president and for comptroller, Milton Mollen, a Brooklyn Jew who had been with the Democratic administration of retiring Mayor Robert Wagner.

Stock Gag. Lindsay's major opponent, Democrat Abraham David Beame, 59, is a diminutive (5 ft. 2 in.), Jewish bookkeeper and longtime machine politician who became comptroller under Wagner. Bland and cliché-inclined, Beame droned on and on about "sound fiscal policy," no matter

how glassy-eyed his audiences became. He had one indefatigable campaign gag: "I don't see eye to eye with Lindsay," he chuckles, "physically, philosophically or politically." Beame's candidate for city council president is Irish Catholic Frank O'Connor, 56, able district attorney in Queens, who is considered a hot possibility for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1966. For comptroller, Beame picked an Italian named Mario Procaccino.

Fun Candidate. No one takes the third candidate very seriously as a candidate—except that he is causing trouble for both of the other candidates. William F. Buckley Jr., 39, is a witty, elegant, conservative Republican who inherited a fortune (oil) and went on after *God and Man at Yale* to publish *National Review* magazine. As the candidate for the all-but-invisible Conservative Party (registration, 8,700), he admits he entered the race "half in fun." And Buckley can be funny. He calls Lindsay a man who "gets up in the morning and begins immediately to wonder how he can manage to say absolutely nothing for the rest of the day." As for Beame: "He doesn't pretend to be anything but what he is—a very ordinary politician." Buckley's campaign is aimed mainly at furthering the conservative cause at the expense of the liberal element, as represented by Lindsay. If he wins even 340,000 votes, Buckley's supporters figure, his showing will significantly bolster the G.O.P.'s conservative wing nationwide.

The candidates, for the most part, are studiously refraining from profound debate. Though Beame and Lindsay both issued "position papers" covering such critical areas as traffic, crime, schools, mass transit and finances, their positions have differed only slightly. Buckley argued that the city needs less government, not more. Beame's issue is simple partisanship: "I'm a Democrat and he's a Republican." Lindsay retaliates by calling Beame the "candidate of the bosses." That, too, has a ring of truth, for Abe Beame has not rejected any aid that seemed in any way useful.

Last week he turned up with a resounding endorsement from Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, the Harlem demagogue, who proclaimed: "It's time we proved we can elect a Jew as mayor of New York City. If I don't get these Southerners, these Jews, these Catholics into office, how can I ever expect to be President of the U.S.?" Beame got Bob Wagner's predictable, if cool, endorsement last week—even though the two exchanged bitter comments in the Democratic primary battle.

Religious Ire. Of all the non-issues under discussion, religion was about the most heated. Catholic Buckley attacked Lindsay as a "white Protestant" who put Costello and Mollen on his ticket to "get the maximum political mileage out of various personal categories like religion and nationality." Costello retorted that Buckley's views on the poor and on minority groups were contrary to papal encyclicals; therefore, said Costello, a vote for Buckley was in truth an anti-Catholic vote. Replied Buckley: "To imply that I am anti-Catholic is as convincing as to imply that Mr. Beame is anti-Semitic." When the city's Presbyterian leaders declared pointedly that "a change is needed"—without naming names—Abe Beame objected: "I would deeply resent any edict from my temple telling me how to exercise my American right to the secret ballot."

And who was winning? At week's end the New York Herald Tribune, using a previously untested street-corner polling system, showed Beame far ahead of Lindsay, 44.2% to 36.1%, with Bill Buckley at 12.6%. The New York Daily News poll, which has a relatively good record of accurate political prediction over 37 years, gave Lindsay 42.4%, Beame 41.1%, Buckley 16.5%.

Clearly, it was a wide-open, two-man race, though Buckley was more likely to hurt Lindsay than Beame. Possibly the best advice in the whole campaign came—characteristically late—from weary Bob Wagner: "If I had to whisper something in the ear of the new mayor next January, I might say, 'Get the hell out of this job!'"

THE WORLD

RHODESIA

The Desperate Mission

Blustering, threatening and reasoning, probing for weak spots and grasping at straws, the Prime Ministers of Great Britain and Rhodesia played out their desperate bluffing game last week. At the end of the game, surely not far away, would come Rhodesian independence. The immediate question was how.

Without much doubt, Rhodesia's Ian Smith would end up seizing it, for his white supremacy regime was no more able to accept Britain's conditions for independence than was Harold Wilson able to compromise them. The terms are the minimum Wilson feels necessary not only on moral grounds but to prevent a Labor Party revolt that could topple his government—not to mention a walkout of African nations that could wreck the Commonwealth. He insists that Rhodesia's whites guarantee "unimpeded progress" toward majority rule by the blacks, who outnumber them 18 to 1, and that approval of independence be demonstrated by the vote of a majority of Rhodesians, both white and black.

Straw of Hope. Fearful above all of black rule, Smith has offered little more than window dressing in return. He seems willing to add to Rhodesia's legislature a senate of twelve African chiefs, but its powers would be dubious and most chiefs are government puppets, anyway.

He suggests he might grant voting rights to 1,000,000 more Africans, but will not increase the number of House seats (15 out of 65) for which they can vote. He would even sign a treaty guaranteeing the sanctity of the present constitution that in theory will give Africans control of the government—if they wait 100 years or so. As if to show where its heart lay, his regime last week arrested former Prime Minister R. S. Garfield Todd, a onetime Anglican missionary and one of the blacks' stoutest defenders, and without either charge or trial, ordered him confined to his ranch, 250 miles from Salisbury, for a year.

Still, the consequences of Rhodesia's long threatened "Unilateral Declaration of Independence" were so potentially grave that the game of bluff went on. In Salisbury, Smith postponed for a day his Cabinet's decision on U.D.I. At last, he claimed it was finally made, but refused to announce what it was. Instead, he fired off a cable which, with measured stridence, told Wilson it was his last chance to avert "the implementation and consequences" of "our decision," demanded again exactly what he had been demanding before: independence under the present constitution. But there was one thin straw of hope in the message: "We again offer you a solemn treaty to guarantee our undertaking."

Call on the Queen. With alacrity, Wilson grabbed at the straw. "I cannot accept the grant of independence simply

on the basis of the constitution," he wired Smith. "You will forgive me if I say that the detention or restriction over a long period of nationalist leaders, the recent restriction of a former Prime Minister, the banning of a prominent newspaper [the pro-black Daily News] have suggested to the outside world the pattern of what might happen in the future." All the same, he said, that part about the solemn treaty to guarantee the constitution was an "interesting proposal" that deserved further exploration. "Accordingly, I propose to fly, with the Commonwealth Secretary, to Salisbury in the next day or two in order to discuss the whole matter further with you."

It was a startling turn of events; after all, Smith and Wilson had just completed three days of fruitless talks in London the week before. Now, the drama was heightened even further by an unexpected call by Wilson on Queen Elizabeth to inform her of his decision to fly south. Wilson made it clear to Smith that he would be visiting not only whites on his trip but black leaders as well—perhaps even black Nationalists Joshua Nkomo and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, who are currently under detention in isolated restriction camps. Wilson wired Smith that "I shall naturally expect to have an opportunity of meeting anyone whose views I feel to be relevant to a solution of this grave problem."

Smith scarcely batted an eyelash. "We



SMITH



WILSON

have nothing to hide here in Rhodesia," he told a Salisbury television audience. "He may see anyone he wishes." "Not that it would help, he implied. "We really did get to the end of negotiations in London and I see no point in re-opening them."

Not much point, at best. But for what it was worth, the Prime Minister of Great Britain had laid aside everything else to fly a quarter of the way around the world to a colony that he had never seen and where he was not wanted on the remote chance of achieving a partial compromise that at best would give him more time.



NORTH VIET NAM

Bombs Away

Retired General Curtis LeMay peered through his bombsight and let loose with a blockbuster. Target: the U.S. air war over North Viet Nam. "We're hitting the wrong targets," said the former Air Force Chief of Staff last week in Washington. "We're getting people killed who shouldn't be killed because of too little and too late." The U.S. attacks, LeMay remarked, "should have knocked hell out of 'em—so we must be hitting the wrong targets. We should bomb the things that really would hurt them, industry, ports, power plants. We've been pecking around the edges. I want to get this war stopped without a further loss of life."

Harsh words from the man who tailored U.S. strategic air power in the cold war, but it was not hard to understand his pique. Last week, with the total of U.S. sorties over the North rising to 16,000 since February, Hanoi seemed no closer to negotiation than ever. Moreover, four more American planes were shot down by North Viet Nam's sharp-eyed gunners, raising to 121 the number of U.S. aircraft lost so far (60 for the Navy, 61 for the Air Force). The loss rate—75% per sortie—is still higher than World War II and only slightly below Korean War levels.

Goodbye, SAM. No one could say, however, that U.S. aircraft were not active and to a considerable degree effective. Though the Hanoi-Haiphong industrial complex remained inviolate, American planes kept up their interdictory hammering of roads, rail lines and military posts. A flight of Navy Skyhawks from the carrier *Independence* took out the third of some 20 Soviet-supplied surface-to-air missile sites—this one just 52 miles northeast of Hanoi. In 90 dizzy seconds, the Skyhawks swooped on their prey at 570 m.p.h., slammed 500-lb. and 1,000-lb. bombs into the site and watched one SAM squirt wildly along the ground "like a balloon that the air's coming out of." It was vengeance of a sort for the five U.S. planes that have fallen so far to the long arm of SAM.

The big strategic development of the week came along the Y-shaped network of railroad lines leading into and out of Hanoi (see map). Flights of Air Force Thunderchiefs and Phantoms shattered three rail bridges on the already-ripped Hanoi-Lao Kay line, chewed up 300 yards of track and a railway yard. The Lao Kay-Lang Son line is the only rail link between Red China's Yunnan province and the rest of China, and with the U.S. hitting it twice a week since Sept. 4, all traffic to Yunnan is now moving by highway or air. So far, Peking has not retaliated. "We figured it was a pretty good calculated risk," says a military spokesman.

A Bigger Risk. American planners still feel that the risk involved in blasting North Viet Nam's industrial complex—as LeMay demands—is too high. Such attacks would do little to hamper North Viet Nam's war effort, since most of its weapons and ammunition come from Red China and Russia. More important, goes the U.S. reasoning, if Ho Chi Minh's "hostage" industries—coal and iron mines, port facilities and Red River dams—were taken out, he might enlarge the war by sending his 450,000-man army south in an all-out move to take South Viet Nam.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Psywar

Tucked away in their hammocks beneath the dripping rain-forest canopy, the Viet Cong guerrillas could hardly believe their ears. Out of the night sky came an ominous, warbling wail, like bagpipes punctuated with cymbals. It was Buddhist funeral music—a dissonant dirge cascading from the darkness. Then a snatch of dialogue between a mother and child: "Mother, where's Daddy?" "Don't ask me questions. I'm very worried about him." "But I miss Daddy very much. Why is he gone so long?" Then the music and voices faded slowly into the distance, and the platoon settled back to a restless sleep.

It was, of course, only one of the many sights and sounds that the Viet Cong are treated to every day, courtesy of JUSPAO—the Joint United

States Public Affairs Office, which handles psychological warfare in South Viet Nam. Funeral dirges howl nightly over V.C. redoubts from the loud-speakers of JUSPAO planes, along with the tape-recorded cries of little children, and weird, electronic cacophonies intended to raise terrifying images of forest demons among the superstitious terrorists. During daylight hours, JUSPAO's eight aircraft dump tons of leaflets on the enemy—3,500,000 a week, ranging from safe-conduct passes to maps showing the best way out of Red territory. Says one of JUSPAO's "psywar" adepts: "We're the world's worst litterbugs."

Fake Bonds & Palm Readers. Led by U.S. Information Chief Barry ("Zorro") Zorthian, 45, the 450 men of JUSPAO this year will spend \$10 million on new tricks and techniques—three times as much money as was spent on psywar a year ago. The mark of Zorro was evident last week in the village of Phung Hiep, a district capital in the Mekong Delta where a South Vietnamese "rural spirit" drama troupe was busy maligning Red China and Ho Chi Minh. In between propaganda skits, the troupe sang classical Vietnamese ballads, and played boogie-woogie.

Begged, borrowed and sometimes stolen outright from the Communists, the psywar plays cut in many directions. When the Viet Cong stopped paying in cash for staples and supplies last summer, and began issuing 1,000-piaster bonds redeemable after the V.C. victory, a U.S. psywar adviser in Camau ordered up 20,000 counterfeit bonds to be dropped in the territory. In Kien Hoa province, a South Vietnamese captain thought up a unique counter to the groups of women and old men that the Viet Cong were sending into town to protest the war. He ordered all local palm readers to advise their clients to avoid large crowds. Protests quickly dwindled.

Tigers & Sheepishness. Psywar works on friend and foe alike. During a tough battle in the Mekong Delta recently, local girls were sent aloft at night to warn the V.C. that they were "facing a unit that never loses, the 7th Division." Recalls an American psywar expert: "It may not have worried the guerrillas, but it turned the South Vietnamese troops into tigers."

At least a quarter of the 11,600 Viet Cong who have defected under the Chieu Hoi ("Open Arms") amnesty program admit to having been moved by psywar appeals. Indeed, one young Red sheepishly admitted that he had quit the Viet Cong because he was sick of his job: policing the camp for propaganda leaflets. The psywarriors make good use of the Viet Cong who "rally" to the government side. Some ex-V.C. are used to help indoctrinate South Vietnamese popular forces; others are organized into 36-man "armed propaganda" teams that enter Viet Cong territory to tell the people why they defected. Since most of the former

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V.C. have had years of agitprop training, they make excellent salesmen for the government pitch.

Scattered here and there are *biet lich* (strike forces) composed of Viet Cong defectors. Clad in motley uniforms or black pajamas, and carrying a wide array of weapons (favorite status symbol: a Swedish "K" rifle), the defectors act as counter guerrillas. Last week a team of 40 sauntered out of their camp in the Mekong Delta, casually took up ambush positions in the nearby jungle. After hours of silent waiting, a Viet Cong patrol of about 50 men appeared. The former Reds greeted them with a withering burst of rifle fire. The V.C. fled, leaving 15 dead. As one proud psywarrior put it: "This team has done more to kill V.C. than a whole regiment."

CAMBODIA

Big Puffs & Old Paper

The shame of it all! There he was in North Korea, fresh from a swinging two-week state visit to Red China and ready to head for Russia, when the Soviet ambassador rang up for an urgent interview. As Prince Norodom Sihanouk explained it to his fellow Cambodians at a rally last week, the Soviet ambassador "entered the drawing room where I was waiting, sat on a sofa with his legs crossed, lit a cigarette in a free and easy manner and started taking big puffs." Then, continued the Prince, "he started reading to me a note on a piece of old paper." The message: Sihanouk, stay home. The Soviet leaders were too busy to receive him on the appointed Nov. 7 date. "An absolutely inexcusable and irreparable affront," huffed Sihanouk, threatening to sever diplomatic relations with the Soviets.

The Prince should not have been so surprised. During his Red China visit, he had yielded to the blandishments of his hosts to remark at a state banquet that "it is impossible to defeat the imperialists if one accepts compromise with them"—which in the context of the Sino-Soviet quarrel was a clear slap at Moscow. The Prince's maneuver was Orientally scrutable: he feels that "the irresistible march forward of the Chinese people" is certain to sweep all Asia. By riding with the Chinese tiger, he hopes to avoid being gobbled up. It is likely to be quite a ride.

WEST GERMANY

The Rubber Lion Strikes Again

People are always underrating Ludwig Erhard. Many were sure that he was not enough of a politician to carry his Christian Democratic Union to victory in last month's elections. When Erhard won overwhelmingly, doubters predicted humiliating defeat for him in the intricate task of forming a new Cabinet. The *Gummilöwe* (Rubber Lion) would surely knuckle under to Bonn's wily professional politicians in the scramble for ministerial seats.



CONGRATULATING ERHARD
Boisterous Bavarians backed down.

Erhard's amiable way of meeting the challenge was to let the pros blow off steam. Postponing decisions until the week before the Bundestag convened on Oct. 20 to re-elect him Chancellor, he took off for a holiday by the Tegernsee, leaving stage center in Bonn to former Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who bosses the 49-man Bavarian branch of the C.D.U. known as the Christian Social Union. Strauss began announcing to reporters and anyone else who would listen, that Erhard must dump Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder, a well-known "Atlanticist" who believes that Germany's best friend is the U.S. (Strauss is inclined to think it's De Gaulle). Strauss also called for removal of Erich Mende, chief of the Free Democrats and a longtime Strauss-hater, from his coalition post as Minister for All-German Affairs.

Strauss got an assist from a fellow Gaullist, that wily old (89) wheeler-dealer ex-Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. Adenauer proclaimed that President Heinrich Lübke, his great admirer, had every constitutional right to veto Erhard's Cabinet appointments. Schröder fought back in interviews by arguing that his views were, after all, the same as Erhard's. His foes paid small heed. Snapped *der Alte*: "You have proved totally incompetent. Germany's position in the world has sunk to a new low, and you are to blame."

Nerve Test. Strauss & Co.'s most outrageous ploy was to threaten Erhard that Strauss might take his Bavarians out of the C.D.U. altogether, the implication being that he might then form a majority with the opposition Social Democrats. "They have their nerve," growled Erhard to an aide. In fact, he knew, they didn't have that much nerve, and when the time was right, he put them to the test. At a series of caucuses ending last week in the ornate Palais Schaumburg, Erhard's official residence, the Chancellor informed his adversaries that Schröder

would stay—though the government was more than willing to improve relations with France, if De Gaulle would only cooperate. Erhard also pointed out that unless Mende got his beloved All-German Affairs Ministry back, the Free Democrat coalition partners wouldn't support the government.

In the end, the boisterous Bavarians accepted defeat, which was softened a bit by their getting five seats in the 22-man Cabinet instead of the previous four. Strauss was offered the Interior Ministry, but, presumably because he considered it a demotion from his former job at Defense, he turned it down. Konrad Adenauer was offered nothing: to many a West German, his role in the process merely further tarnished a grand old image that would have retained its high gloss had he only retired some years ago—say, at 85.

FRANCE

Parlons, Enfants de la Patrie!

"The French don't care what they do, actually," remarked Bernard Shaw's Professor Higgins, "as long as they pronounce it properly." The jest was of the blunt Anglo-Saxon variety, but it sums up the reverence that every cultivated Frenchman feels toward the language of Voltaire and Racine. Since the war, it has been a matter of grave concern that the international community no longer shares this high regard. Gone are the days when Tolstoy's Russian aristocrats conversed and the Congress of Vienna convened—in French. Today France is waging a discreet campaign to reinstate—or, as one exhortation puts it, "maintain"—*la langue française* as an international tongue.

Galled Gauls. At first it was mainly a case of rear-guard fighting. Professors and newspaper columnists have long defended their language's purity against such ugly expressions as *le weekend* and *le drustore*. With the coming of the Fifth Republic, defense evolved into offense. Next year the Quai d'Orsay will spend \$101 million (up 25% since 1964) for the propagation of French culture and language abroad. France pays for the distribution of French books and magazines, provides 13,000 university scholarships for foreign study in France, and supports 32,000 French teachers in former colonies from Algeria to Viet Nam. The government occasionally uses other tactics. In 1963, the Foreign Ministry tried to get West German schools to teach French as a second language—with small success.

What galls the Gauls, of course, is the recent triumph of English. Time was when French was the tongue of "international"—meaning Continental—diplomacy. The 20th century's two world wars, however, helped shift international politics to a global arena, and the emergence since of dozens of independent powers in Asia and Africa has completed the process. French is still popular within the purloined staked out by France's masterful 17th century

diplomat, Cardinal Richelieu; it is used in Common Market areas* and is popular among Eastern European emissaries.

But in the world at large, English is the language of some 300 million Britons, Canadians, Australians and Americans, and the international means of expression for 700 million present and former denizens of the Commonwealth. By comparison, French is native to only 65 million Belgians, French, Swiss and Luxembourgish, besides being the second tongue for 140 million residents of present and former French and Belgian colonies. In a recently concluded U.N. debate, 56 speakers addressed the General Assembly in English, 27 in French.

Language & Logic. *Hélas*, English is spoken by Russians, Germans, Japanese, Italians and Swedes alike at virtually every international scientific gathering, whether on space technology or information theory. Partly because so many of the major postwar breakthroughs have been made in American or British laboratories, 44% of all chemical abstracts are printed in English (v. 5% in French), as well as 68% of all physics abstracts (v. 7% in French). Paris officialdom deplores "this fetishism about English," but no French scientist can avoid it. Though the quasi-official Académie des Sciences firmly suggests that all French scientists ought to *parler français* at international conferences (a requirement that often leaves them addressing rows of empty seats), the National Research Center's eminent physicist, Professor Raymond Daudel, confessed recently that "I find it is often in English that I learn about the work of my colleagues of the Sorbonne—and the National Research Center."

The official campaign to disseminate the glories of French, however, receives enthusiastic popular support. At the convocation of the 35th French Medical Conference in Paris last week, the opening address of Lucien de Gennes was not entirely about medicine at all; instead, the professor took the opportunity to proclaim that "French remains the language of the mind, of logic, of simplicity, of precision and of good sense." Over at the National Assembly, Deputy Xavier Deniau meanwhile harangued about "French functionaries who unfortunately, after long service in international organizations, allow themselves to use English." Said he: they should be brought back to France periodically for "re-acclimatizing."

There are encouraging signs. This month Paris was *enchanté* when one Vatican diplomat who received his training around World War I chose to address the U.N. in a medium appropriate to his lofty goals. POPE WILL PRONOUNCE IN FRENCH A SOLEMN APPEAL FOR PEACE AND HUMAN DIGNITY, proudly headlined *Le Figaro*.

* Mostly. When France's Pierre Messmer and West Germany's Kai-Uwe von Hassel get together, however, the two defense ministers speak English, because neither knows the other's tongue.

The Corsican Curse

Nothing much had happened to Corsica since Napoleon left home in 1779. The island's haughty, hawk-nosed men still rode off sidesaddle on their donkeys to fight vendettas. Their wives still milked the native sheep to produce a cheese with the clout and consistency of a plastic bomb. The sun sink black blood-red behind the Sanguinary Isles, while local folk singers recalled the prowess of Bonaparte in their atonal anthem, *L'Ajaccienne*. A calm enough scene—until early last summer, when the somber, somnolent island awoke to the 20th century. Suddenly, bombs exploded in the night, and walls proclaimed the scrawled slogan: "Corsica for the Corsicans!" By last week, the Corsican question had even entered France's presidential campaign. Rightist Candidate Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour stormed across the island, hoping to turn Corsican wrath against Charles de Gaulle.

"Sea & Monopolies." The trouble was triggered by an invasion: since 1958, some 15,000 French ex-colonials, mostly from Algeria and many of Corsican origin, have swarmed onto the island. Their arrival has turned France's most underdeveloped department into its noisiest headache. The "repatriates" grabbed up much of the island's fertile eastern plain—a region that accounts for nearly half of Corsica's arable land, but was uninhabitable because of malaria until U.S. Army engineers cleared it with insecticides during World War II.

Though the slow-moving Corsican natives have themselves to blame for not moving into the new land fast enough, they nonetheless curse the newcomers—and Paris—for their plight. "This is an island," says one bitter native, "surrounded by the sea and monopolies."

Jerks & Gangsters. Indeed, from Cape Corse to the Strait of Bonifacio, the 114-mile-long island, which lies just 105 miles southeast of Nice, is little more than scenery. The snow-topped mountainous spine of Corsica is traversed only by a Toonerville-style railroad, the Micheline, which looks out on ruined citadels, deserted villages and scarred forests. Once rich in timber (pine, chestnut, cork trees), Corsica has been hard-hit by forest fires. Population has drained from 300,000 in the 1870s to 170,000 today. Ajaccio, the capital, is a cluster of quaint but quaking buildings, though a scattering of new apartments is rising beyond the old perimeter.

The attitude of the repatriates is not likely to win over many of the natives. "Corsicans are apathetic and do nothing," says Repatriate Jean Camy, 37. "He who couldn't be a customs guard or an army sergeant stayed here as a shepherd. All the good ones left; just the jerks stayed on." Still, Camy takes a certain pride in his expatriate heritage: "The President of Venezuela, the top cops, the top gangsters—all the real men in the world are Corsicans."

Evolution & Revolution. Resentment against the French mainland (which Corsicans still call *le continent*) is nearly as keen as that against the repatriates. Complains Jean Zuccarelli, 33, a philosophy teacher turned farmer: "France can provide irrigation for Communist countries, can pour aid into North Africa, but hasn't enough money to help Corsica." This is not quite true: Somivac, the French-supported farm agency, has built six dams and developed 104 farms in the past six years at a cost to Paris of some \$20 million. In an effort to placate the locals, Somivac last week nervously assigned four additional farms to native Corsicans, rather than to the repatriates for whom they had originally been intended. Somivac's tourist counterpart, Setco, has already built four new hotels and is carving yacht basins along Corsica's bright, barren beaches—the most beautiful in the Mediterranean. The island's feral beauty has drawn visitors in increasing numbers—443,000 last year (up 20% from 1963).

Corsica's angry natives want more than tourism. "We want autonomy," says Philosopher-Farmer Zuccarelli, "with our own Parliament and our own budget." A delegation of Corsican officials, recently returned from a ten-day tour of autonomous Sicily and Sardinia (which still retain ties with Italy), felt the same. "Autonomy is the essential ingredient," said one. "This is not just evolution, but revolution," said another. Paris doubtless was recalling the words of Corsica's favorite son. Regarding Corsican separatism, Napoleon himself took a realistic view: "All these



notions of national independence for a little island like Corsica!" exclaimed Bonaparte to his brother Lucien in 1802. "What difference does it make in the universal balance?"

GHANA

A Fateful Moment

At the Maginot Hilton

For Kwame Nkrumah, the big day had finally arrived. After two years of cross-continental lobbying, one year of round-the-clock building, and an embarrassing two-month delay (to finish the building), the Father of Pan-Africanism was ready at last to receive the homage of Africa's other leaders. The third annual conference of the Organization of African Unity had begun.

To accommodate the chiefs of the organization's 36 member nations, Nkrumah had spent nearly \$50 million on everything from lettered T-shirts ("Long live the O.A.U.") to his celebrated "Project 600," the conference-headquarters complex itself. Dominating it all was a twelve-story structure built to Nkrumah's taste—the luxurious bullet-proof, bomb-resistant VIP hotel, known to local wags as "the Maginot Hilton." Marvelling at the spacious conference room, Kwame's official weekly *Spark* was awe-struck. "It is in this room that the fate of Africa is to be decided," it said. "It is here that Africa, mourning for her enslaved children still under oppression, will look for comfort."

Not quite. The conference divided on every issue it took up—including the matter of sending troops to Rhodesia. Only 19 heads of state even entered the conference room, for nearly half of Africa boycotted Kwame's "summit" entirely. The official excuse used by the leaders of French-speaking Africa, who led the boycott, was Nkrumah's failure to deport the hundreds of exiled subversives who use Accra as a headquarters for plots against them. But when, at the last minute, he desperately rounded up all the exiles he could find, they still refused to come. Their real goal all along had been to cut Kwame Nkrumah, Father of Pan-Africanism, promoter of subversion, and proud possessor of the continent's largest ego, down to his normal 5-ft. 7-in. size.

BURUNDI

The Lucky Mwami

Premiers do not thrive in Burundi, a small, landlocked central African nation of 2,750,000. In the three years since it gained independence from Belgium, two heads of government have died at the hands of assassins. Last week a third went down in a volley of bullets.

It was before dawn when a band of mutinous gendarmes crept into the capital of Bujumbura (pop. 47,000). While some surprised Prime Minister Leopold Biha in his home and pumped bullets into his head, others attacked the palace of the King, Mwami Mwambutsa IV. The Mwami proved luckier than Biha,



MWAMBUSATA IV
He hid upstairs.

managed to conceal himself in an upstairs room until loyal troops recaptured the palace later in the day.

Though Maryland-sized Burundi was an important Red Chinese base for African subversion until Mwambutsa booted Peking's diplomats out last January (TIME, Jan. 29), international conspiracy apparently had nothing to do with last week's revolt. Instead, it was caused by the same thing that killed the other Premier—the tribal rivalry between the towering Watutsis and the shorter but far more numerous Bahutus, who for centuries have served the Watutsis as virtual slaves. Fed up, the Bahutus now demand a republic—like the one their fellow tribesmen achieved in neighboring Rwanda after overthrowing a Watutsi king in 1959. But Burundi's Watutsis are as determined as ever to continue in the ascendancy they now enjoy. Not surprisingly, the Mwami's men dealt harshly with last week's rebels. After a hurried court-martial, 34 Bahutu gendarmes were executed by a firing squad in the Bujumbura stadium. A bleak future probably also lay ahead for several leading Bahutu politicians, including the former president of Burundi's Parliament, who were clapped in jail and charged with complicity.

The crackdown only enraged the Bahutus. From the countryside at week's end, came reports of machete-wielding Bahutus chopping down scores of Watutsis and burning villages. Mwami Mwambutsa clamped the entire country under martial law.

SOVIET UNION

Notes from Underground

"Even the most liberal God offers only one freedom of choice: to believe or not to believe. Communism offers just about the same right. If you don't want to believe, you can go to jail— which is by no means worse than hell."

—Abram Tertz, *On Socialist Realism*.

If you could believe the rumors racing through Moscow's literary under-

ground last week, the man who wrote those words was himself in a place no worse than hell—the Lubyanka prison. "Abram Tertz," the pseudonymous critic of the Soviet system, had for more than six years eluded the Kremlin's wrath while smuggling out satiric manuscripts to be published abroad. These included *The Trial Begins* (1959), a savage study of Soviet life in the New Class, and *Fantastic Stories* (1962), a collection which Western critics compared with Kafka and Gogol. Was the man in the Lubyanka really Abram Tertz? Western Kremlinologists found it hard to believe.

More Mockery. Under arrest was Andrei D. Sinyavsky, 40, a ranking literary critic for the "liberal" magazine *Novyi Mir*. Though Sinyavsky is known in the West as a supporter of the late Boris Pasternak and has penned essays on Picasso and Robert Frost, his delicate style just did not seem to fit. Tertz writes with a heavy undercurrent of Jewish *Wellschmerz*. Sinyavsky with a gentle wit reflecting his Russian Orthodox background.

But the Russian literary underground runs deep. Tertz has made his mark as a bitter, bedrock enemy of Communism, while Sinyavsky merely mocks its Stalinist aspects. To Kremlinologists from Bonn to Washington, this suggested that Sinyavsky might be one of those Russian writers who produce critical work that is acceptable for open publication, but whose best efforts are for the "drawer"—they cannot be published anywhere but in the West. Thus a foreigner reading the noted critic's articles in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* may get a wholly false impression of his talents. Of one bottom-drawer writer, a Soviet official recently exclaimed: "He's much, much better than his work!" On the other hand, the real Abram Tertz could well be that breed of writer known in the underground as an "internal emigré"—a man who produces only for the drawer or for a select circle of trusted intimates, who can read his hand-copied manuscripts in secrecy and delight.

Quiet as Hell. Did the arrest presage a new cultural crackdown? So far, the Brezhnev-Kosygin regime has taken a moderate approach to intellectuals, avoiding the shrill, savage attacks of the Khrushchev era. Khrushchev's cultural hatchet man, Leonid Ilyich, has been removed; Stalin's pet geneticist, Trofim Lysenko, has been disavowed by Russian science; imaginative and critical writing appears frequently in Soviet publications—so long as it remains within limits. More importantly, B. & K. seem to recognize the sheer public-relations value inherent in "liberalization." Says one Washington Kremlin-watcher: "These men would like to handle this whole thing as quietly as possible. They don't want to be brutal and cause an outcry of protests abroad. They are not interested in big trials and another Pasternak incident."

To that extent, Sinyavsky's jail may be quieter, if not worse, than hell.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

The Fading Image

Outside the hotel in Buenos Aires, an angry crowd chanted, "Death to the tyrant!" Inside, a handsome, dark-haired woman held court for newsmen. She was Isabel Martínez de Perón, 34, third wife of the ex-dictator who, at 70, lives in



ISABEL PERÓN
In eclipse, her Casanova 70.

Spain and insists that he will one day return to Argentina. How was Juan Domingo Perón? asked a reporter. "In excellent health," she replied. And what was she doing back home? "I have come on a mission of peace," smiled Isabel.

Signs of Change. Everyone knew better. Isabel's mission was to enliven last week's Peronista rally scheduled for the 20th anniversary of Perón's rise to power—and thus brighten his fading image among the 3,000,000 or so Argentines who call themselves Peronistas. The old strongman's problem is that the people he once called his *descamisado* (shirtless ones) do not need him any more. Argentina's working class is now well organized, and looking for leadership among half a dozen tough young politicians and labor leaders. To many of these leaders, the exiled septuagenarian is becoming an anachronism; some Peronistas pay him lip service but little else and unflatteringly call him "Casanova 70."

Isabel's plan was to stir a popular uproar on Perón's "Loyalty Day" by playing an emotional tape-recorded message from *el líder*. Once in Buenos Aires she could see for herself the signs of Per-

nista change. There were almost no Loyalty Day posters. Three full days elapsed before the top Peronista politicians and labor leaders got around to calling on her. What had not changed were the hatreds engendered by the mere mention of Perón's name. For three nights, riots between Peronistas and anti-Peronistas erupted outside Isabel's hotel.

Message Undelivered. On the eve of Loyalty Day (Oct. 17), the tension reached the point where President Arturo Illia decided to forbid all Peronista demonstrations. Next morning 5,000 well-armed police patrolled Buenos Aires streets. Out came some 6,000 Peronistas—as much to taunt the cops as to cheer Perón. By nightfall, more than 600 of the rioters were in jail. Isabel had dropped out of sight, and Perón's tape-recorded message had gone undelivered. President Illia then warned that any unions dabbling in politics would lose their legal rights. The Peronistas called for a 24-hour general strike, but it was only partially successful.

One indication of Perón's flagging appeal was the attitude of Argentina's anti-Perón military during the episode. "Street demonstrations," said one ranking soldier, "do not in any way threaten the government. The military respects the civil authority's capacity to handle what is essentially a police matter."

CUBA

More Refugees, More Blackmail

The yellow manila envelope post-marked New York arrived in the regular 8:30 a.m. mail and was addressed simply: "109 S.W. 12th Avenue, Miami, Florida"—the headquarters of the Second Front of the Escambray, an anti-Castro exile organization. Inside, under the letterhead of Communist Cuba's mission to the United Nations, was an astonishing four-page "press release" that spelled out the details of Havana's Oct. 12 note to Washington setting down Fidel Castro's terms for the evacuation of Cubans to the U.S. Until last week, both the U.S. and Cuba were keeping their negotiations more or less secret. Now Castro, in an obvious propaganda ploy, decided to seek publicity.

According to the document, Castro took issue with the U.S. for thinking in terms of only 100 to 130 refugees a day. So small a number, said the Cuban dictator, would mean "a long and unnecessary wait" for many separated families. He suggested "no fewer than 400 people a day" and proposed an air shuttle between the U.S. and Varadero, 70 miles east of Havana. As previously made public, the first evacuees were to be Cubans with immediate relatives in the U.S., but in his note Castro also promised "a list of all other persons that want to live in the U.S."—except,

of course, all youths between 15 and 26 who still owe a tour of military duty.

Prisoner for Prisoner. As for the 50,000 political prisoners in Cuban jails, the dictator proposed a typical Fidel-style swap: his prisoners for the Castro-style subversives under lock and key in Latin American jails. Said Castro: "In view of the broad and friendly relations that the U.S. has with Latin America, Cuba will consider liberating a number of those jailed for counter-revolutionary crimes equal to the number of those jailed for revolutionary conduct, whose liberty the U.S. controls in countries like Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Brazil, Peru, Paraguay, Bolivia and Argentina."

The U.S., of course, could hardly be a party to such hemisphere-wide blackmail. Nevertheless, Washington continued negotiating for the release of both political and nonpolitical Cubans. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko, in Manhattan attending the U.N. General Assembly, made a quick trip to Havana for "friendly" talks. Some Washington Castrologists speculated that Gromyko wanted to caution Castro against any head-on action. The same day that Gromyko left Cuba, Swiss Ambassador Emil Stadelhofer, the U.S.'s diplomatic go-between in Havana, flew to Washington to work out details of the agreement.

Very Old & Very Young. Meantime, the evacuation picked up speed. By week's end, more than 65 boats carrying 1,200 refugees had made the peri-



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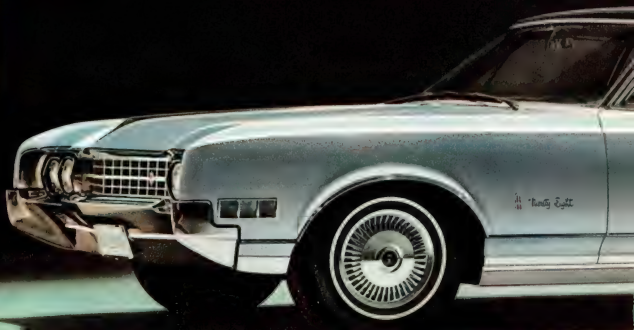
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lous 90-mile crossing, and scores more were on the way. Among the newest arrivals was the 65-year-old astrology editor of Castro's *Bohemia* magazine, and a withered 92-year-old fisherman who claims he inspired Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*.

Floridians are increasingly concerned about absorbing another 50,000 to 70,000 Cubans along with the 200,000 already in the state. Governor Haydon Burns has asked Washington for "immediate and mandatory resettlement" of the refugees, and the Dade County school superintendent has barred any more Cubans until the U.S. chips in additional federal school aid. But the U.S. Government cannot force Cubans to resettle elsewhere. All it can do is ask Florida to bear the brunt of U.S. hemisphere policy for the moment—and help with problems as they arise.

POPULATION

Less & Less for More & More

Will Latin America's burgeoning population, as Pope Paul VI put it, find "enough bread at the banquet of life" in the future? Not unless a near miracle takes place, reports the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization. In the 13 Latin American countries on which the FAO keeps figures, a minimum intake of 2,200 calories a day is met in only eight—Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, Peru, Chile, Mexico, Paraguay and Uruguay. In the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador and Guatemala, the average is fewer than 2,200 calories per day v. a U.S. average of 3,100. More disturbing still, Latin America's food production is slipping behind its population growth—to the point where this year's projected per capita production will be 11% less than the prewar average.

Largely because so much of Latin America is mountainous, arid or tropical, less than 5% (v. 16% in the U.S.) of its more than 7,700,000 sq. mi. of land is under cultivation. Experts also cite antique farming methods. In Venezuela, primitive farms produce an average of two bushels of corn per acre, compared with 67 bushels on modern U.S. farms. Traditionally, holders of large estates do not cultivate more than necessary to earn an income suitable to their social status. But, as Bolivia and Mexico have discovered, land-reform programs that carve up productive estates into family-sized plots for often unskilled peasants generally lead to sharp drops in food output.

What is needed are cheap, long-term credits for the purchase of seed, fertilizers and equipment; and heavy investment in agricultural schools, roads, plus storage, market and irrigation facilities. The food-poor nations, concludes FAO Director B. R. Sen, must quadruple their output in the next 35 years "to give their vastly increased populations an adequate, though in no sense lavish diet."



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THE VIETNIKS: Self-Defeating Dissent

WHO are they? These Americans parading about with placards and chanting: "Hey, hey, L.B.J.! How many kids did you kill today?" These burning-eyed youths who set fire to their draft cards and urge others to do the same? These interpositionists who stand on railroad tracks to block U.S. troop trains? These professors who insist that the war in Viet Nam is no more than the struggle of the peace-loving peasant to win the national independence and personal freedom denied him by U.S. intervention? What are they? Are they pacifists in any real meaning of the word? Are they malingers, humanists, enemy agents, internationalists? Are they valuable dissenters in the sense that democracy not only allows but requires?

They are surely not the U.S. majority. Many Americans have nagging qualms about U.S. involvement in a killing war. But the few who openly attack their country's position with demonstrations and draft-card burnings create a worldwide distortion of the U.S. mood. French radio coverage of the uproar, at least at first, made the U.S. seem split by a profound division of opinion. English demonstrators broke out signs that said WE WANT JOHNSON CRUCIFIED. From his sickbed, President Johnson expressed "surprise that any one citizen would feel toward his country in a way that is not consistent with national interest." Hsinhua, the Chinese news agency, took deep comfort in the "unprecedentedly gigantic movement against the war of aggression in Viet Nam."

Some Principles of Pacifism

All this demands an examination of the phenomenon. Resisting war, in forms that range from high-minded idealism down to the most scurrilous draft-dodging, is a perennial U.S. custom. Many Americans, including Abraham Lincoln, were embarrassed to the point of bitter protest at their country's jumping on Mexico in 1846; rioting draft evaders set part of Manhattan afire during the Civil War. Even draft-card burning is nothing new: Critic Dwight Macdonald put the flame to him in 1947.

The ancestral motivation of war-resisting is religious pacifism. In 1899, Benjamin Franklin Trueblood, Quaker educator and prime mover of the American Peace Society, thought he saw within his own life's span an end to war. He exulted: "His days are nearly numbered"—and died, 17 years later, of what his obituarists called heartbreak, as his fellow Americans headed into World War I and death in places like Belleau Wood. Trueblood was in the tradition of a thin but spiritually pure stream of philosophical pacifism that has run through Western society since the rise of Christianity, even though the Christian ethic generally holds to the Augustinian belief in the "just" war. But pacifism has usually found its firmest hold only within small sects, ranging from the Anabaptists of the Reformation to the Mennonites (of 389 Americans classified as religious objectors during World War I, 138 were Mennonites) to the Society of Friends.

The pacifist, by his own definitions, has a moral imperative to stand against war, any war and all war; he can no more have a favorite war than an unfavorable war. Today's war protest movement certainly includes some such pacifists. But the movement is much more heavily populated by the selective pacifist—the one who, had he been born three decades sooner, might well have been a volunteer in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War and who almost certainly would have fought against Hitler in World War II. Brandeis University's John P. Roche, a former national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, defines this as "part-time pacifism, or liberal isolationism. Liberals who would storm Congress to aid a beleaguered Israel suddenly shift gears when Asia is involved and start talking about 'the inevitability of Chinese domination' and the 'immorality' of bombing North Viet Nam."

More disturbing is the incidence of those within the end-the-war-movement who really seem to be rooting for the other side. Automatically among them are American Communists and Marxists who insist that the U.S. presence in Viet Nam is another example of capitalist imperialism. A bunch of recent marchers in Manhattan actually carried red, blue and yellow flags that, to the shocked astonishment of spectators, turned out to be the banner of the Viet Cong—or rather, since protesters think that term pejorative even though Cong only means Communist, the National Liberation Front.

Other protesters, less subversively, act out of a conviction identified by Columnist Max Lerner: "The idea of being patriotic seems to most of them square and laughable." In their circles, talk of God and country and Old Glory is for such birds as American Legionnaires or Daughters of the American Revolution. As for the old-fashioned idea of "My country—right or wrong," the newer notion seems to be "My country—well, probably wrong."

Questions of Protest

The bulwark of pacifism (even unfavorable-war pacifism) and patriotism (or antipatriotism) is the right to protest—a right secured by the U.S. Constitution in its guarantees of freedom of speech, peaceable assembly and petition. Dissent and disagreement are the essence of democracy and one of its greatest strengths. This is something that totalitarian leaders never quite seem to get through their goggles, and to their later dismay they have often mistaken American argumentation for a national weakness of spirit. The outer limits of dissent are not easy to reach: Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach acknowledges a "large bite of constitutional protection." But the limits are reached and breached by draft-card burning and other practices clearly against the laws of a land.

To know the Vietnik is not necessarily to love him. At his best, he is inspired by the U.S. civil rights revolution and the practical results of nonviolent protest as applied to that Gandhian principle by the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. He has a rather irritating habit of claiming a monopoly on humanitarianism. In justifying civil disobedience or downright defiance of national law, he is quick to cite the Nuremberg trials, which, he insists, made it a matter of international law that the individual cannot be excused for crimes committed by government order; thus cooperating with the U.S. Government in its participation in the Viet Nam war makes a soldier criminally responsible.

With this long-range formation of traditional pacifism and short-range formation of intellectual influences, the war protesters make valuable answers when confronted with the average man's suspicions of disloyalty, softheadedness, immaturity, or even subversion.

Paul Booth and Richard Rothstein, both 22, are Chicago leaders of Students for a Democratic Society, a "new left" organization. Both have applied for draft deferment as conscientious objectors. They urge others to follow their example, though they oppose such prison-risking stunts as burning draft cards. "We are a moral movement primarily," says Rothstein, a native New Yorker with a Harvard degree in political philosophy. "It horrifies me that people here can walk around oblivious to the fact that they're responsible for a war and all that war means—destruction and murder. It's as if they'd lost all their moral sense." Booth, who studied political science at Swarthmore College, nods his agreement. "It's not very descriptive to say the Viet Cong are Communists and therefore we have to kill them." Concludes Rothstein: "The Communist nations are not a threat to us. The U.S. is more of a threat to the sovereignty of the peoples of the world than Communist China."

David McReynolds, 35, who speaks for the War Resisters' League in New York City: "Suppose you're convinced that you'd crack up mentally if you went into the service," he says. "You don't have the requisite philosophical stance to satisfy the legal requirements for conscientious objection, so you'd have to go to jail for refusing to fight, and you're convinced you'd crack up there. What alternatives do you have? If you think you have to go to the draft board and pretend you're a homosexual, then O.K. We don't counsel that, but we don't think it's cowardly or wrong." What about Viet Nam? "We recognize objectively that U.S. withdrawal is going to mean a Communist victory. But it's their country. We don't belong there. I would prefer not to see Communism triumph. I'm sorry about that. But we have spent ten years trying to find viable democratic alternatives short of blowing the place up, and we have failed."

Morris W. Hirsch, 32, a University of California mathematics professor, has been a guiding force of Berkeley's so-called Viet Nam Day Committee since its inception last May: as such, he has promoted attempts to prevent troop trains from going to the Oakland Army Terminal, demonstrations against former U.S. Ambassador to Viet Nam Maxwell Taylor, and a peace march on Oakland last week. "We are told that the war is stopping Communism and it is preserving freedom in South Viet Nam," he says. "The second statement is completely ludicrous. There is no freedom there now. There is tyranny. It is as bad as anything our Government can point to under Communism. It may be stopping Communism temporarily, but I don't think it is the job or in the power of the United States to act as a worldwide policeman, repressing popular movements wherever they seem to be leading to a form of government we don't like."

William C. Davidson, 38, a physics professor at Haverford College near Philadelphia, recently participated in a 30-hour demonstration outside the Morton, Pa., plant of Boeing Vertol, which makes helicopters for military use in Viet Nam; he also fasted for two weeks, taking only orange juice, just to help himself keep the Vietnamese ordeal in mind. Davidson devoutly believes that the U.S. is using Viet Nam as an arena in its power struggle against Communist China. Says he: "To engage in the large-scale killing of people when it is not in the best interest of their country but of ours, is a grossly immoral act."

Ignoring the Obvious

Carl P. Oglesby, 30, is national president of Students for a Democratic Society. The Johnson Administration, he says, "is all wet in its theories about the war in Viet Nam. We don't think you can explain the South Vietnamese insurrection in terms of North Vietnamese support for it any more than you can explain the American Revolution in terms of French support for it. And if Chinese belligerence is made a point of doctrine, if we really believe there is no hope for us in China, then let's go ahead and drop the bombs on Peking. But if we believe that a world in which these two powers get along is better than a world in which they fight, then we ought to exercise our imagination to find ways of repairing the bad relations that now exist between them."

Harvard History Professor H. Stuart Hughes, co-chairman (with Dr. Benjamin Spock) of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, is chiefly worried about massive bombing as a way of fighting guerrillas: "Is it really my country that is doing this?" Russell Stetler, 20, a Haverford student, travels the nation showing a film called *Heroic Viet Nam*, which praises the Viet Cong guerrillas; he argues that the Viet Cong insurrection "existed before the Communists decided to take part." Yale History Professor Staughton Lynd, a top brain of the new left, thinks that "the typical member of the student protest movement believes in democracy and feels the United States has violated the principles of self-determination in Viet Nam because of a fear that free elections would favor Communists." Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin Jr. says that "these students have a strong feeling, as every Christian does, that they have a loyalty to a higher truth than to the national will." Coffin,

along with Union Theological Seminary President John Bennett, Novelist John Hersey, Harvard Chinese Historian John Fairbank and some others, has formed a moderate group of war opposers who, in the words of a spokesman, Penn Kemble, 24, "think there can be a solution that is not pro-Viet Cong, does not involve bombing and burning of villages, and does not involve wholesale support of the military regime of South Viet Nam."

Thus, in their discussions, dialogues and monologues, the zealous dissidents range wide, sometimes sounding erudite, but almost always misreading, or misinterpreting, or simply ignoring the most obvious realities. Communist leaders certainly make no secret of their intention to achieve world domination for their creed; they have openly announced that their position in Viet Nam is but one step toward that achievement. They would barely deign to deny the fact that if they take control of Viet Nam, they will reconcentrate their efforts elsewhere—perhaps next in Laos or Thailand, but always with the idea that the U.S. is the ultimate enemy. And Americans are fighting in Viet Nam for the plain purpose of preventing such Communist fulfillment.

The Counter-Reaction

How important are the Vietnicks? How much influence do they have? Public-opinion surveys show that some 80% of the American people approve of their Government's policy toward Viet Nam; even among the 20% who do not approve, the active, indeed militant, protester is in the minuscule minority. The Vietnicks are not going to be able to talk the U.S. out of Viet Nam. They made their best try last spring, with a tide of so-called teach-ins, at a time when the approaching monsoon season in Viet Nam was supposed to guarantee Communist victories; rather than submitting to defeat-by-weather, President Johnson simply stepped up the U.S. effort. For a while, the Vietnicks' decibel count dropped, only to soar up again when it became evident that the course of the war in Viet Nam had turned and that, assuming only the will to stick it out, the U.S. and its South Viet Nam ally were on the way to winning (TIME cover, Oct. 22). This being the case, it seems just a bit improbable that President Johnson and his national constituency will suddenly succumb to the revived outcry of a thumbnailed minority.

Actually, the most recent Vietnicks demonstrations seem to have created a counter-reaction. Throughout the U.S. last week, patriotic parades, blood-donation programs and send-a-gift-to-the-boys rallies were being held or planned. Petitions in support of U.S. policy in Viet Nam circulated on scores of American college campuses. Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd, even while upholding the right of free discussion about all the Viet Nam issues, cried: "We have to draw a line, and draw it soon, and draw it hard, between the right of free speech and assembly and the right to perpetrate treason." Marine Corps Commandant Wallace M. Greene Jr. challenged the Vietnicks to "prove their sincerity" by volunteering for humanitarian programs in Southeast Asia rather than "pass by on the other side of the street with a placard on their shoulder, a song on their lips, and hypocrisy in their hearts." The executive council of the United Church of Christ came out against "the organized attempt being made to subvert the principle of conscientious objection for the purpose of draft dodging." And in New York City, Conservative William Buckley dismissed the whole antiwar protest movement as an "epitaphic resentment" against a "gallant national effort to keep an entire section of the globe from sinking into the subhuman wretchedness of Asiatic Communism."

Most of the Vietnicks are undoubtedly sincere in their revulsion against war. But in their talk about the horrors of the Viet Nam war, they make it sound as if President Johnson and the American majority enjoy napalming children. The fact is that the Vietnicks, by encouraging the Communist hope and expectation that the U.S. does not have the stomach to fight it out in Viet Nam, are probably achieving what they would least like: prolonging the war and adding to the casualty lists on both sides.

PEOPLE

Oh no, everyone groaned politely at the Tokyo press conference. Ah yes, insisted suave old **Cary Grant**, 61. "You've probably seen me in my last picture as the romantic lead. I'm too old for that stuff. The kids today don't like to see me playing bedroom scenes with a young leading lady. It's unhealthy. It's unreasonable. Honestly, it's unpleasant." Well then, to change the subject, how did he feel, now that his bride of three months, sometime Actress **Dyan Cannon**, 27, is expecting a baby next May? "Ecstatic," beamed Cary, for whom it will be the first child in his four marriages. Later he explained that the way for a man to keep "pretty fit" off-screen is to "relax and lead a good, robust sex life."

When the sailing ships *Porpoise* and *Cato* foundered off eastern Australia one night in August 1803, Explorer **Matthew Flinders** led the 94 survivors to safety on a nearby sandspit, then sailed and rowed a small cutter 729 miles to Sydney for help. While Flinders is an Australian national hero—the first man to circumnavigate the continent—the theory persisted that his navigating was off when he recorded the wreckage at latitude 22° 11' south, longitude 155° 13' east. But that spot is precisely where an Australian underwater photographer named Ben Cropp last week, 162 years later, found the rotted hulls in the waters of the Coral Sea.

It was a lovely luncheon. **Jacqueline Kennedy** came, smartly dressed in a checked tweed coat, and the 200 con-

struction workers, clad in khakis and cement dust, grinned delightedly over their lunchtime beers and sandwiches as she accompanied Architect **Marcel Breuer** on an inspection tour of the new Whitney Museum of American Art in Manhattan. Meantime, at some less gritty feeds, old New Frontier Friend **Nicole Alphonse** was swirling around town winding up a hectic month of goodbyes. Everyone was a little mournful now that French Ambassador **Hervé Alphonse** was taking his glittering wife back to Paris, where he will become Secretary General of the French Foreign Office. Said Dean Rusk, recalling Nicole's brilliant seven-year social reign in the capital: "I imagine Washington will once again be called a hardship post." Nicole shed some sentimental tears herself, but she did brighten up the farewells with such things as her black-silver-and-white dress by Cardin. Before flying home, the Alphonses said their last U.S. farewell at a private dinner with Jackie Kennedy.

As an eminent man of letters who corresponded with James Thurber, T. S. Eliot, Harry Truman and others, **Groucho Marx**, 70, reported that the Library of Congress has asked him to donate his personal papers. "To back up the request, they said they had the first and second Gettysburg addresses and the Declaration of Independence." Anyway, Groucho will turn over some 300 letters to and from him, including, unfortunately, only a few notes from his late brothers, Chico and Harpo. "I don't think Harpo could write," said Groucho, "but Chico did write me once. I was in Macwahoc, Me., out fishing. Chico was in a crap game in Las Vegas and lost everything. He wrote me to come back and make a movie."

zip! went the paper airplanes around the room. It was the 31st-birthday reception of Japan's **Crown Princess Michiko**, who seemed to be spending most of her time folding missiles for her son Prince Hiro, 5, to buzz the photographers with. The princess expects a second child at the end of November.

Why, cheered Beatle **George Harrison** a while ago, "he's the daddy of us all!" Someone finally got around to asking the proud daddy-o himself about it when he arrived in London on an English concert tour. "Daddy of them?" winced Classical Guitarist **Andrés Segovia**, 71. "The Beatles are very nice young men, no doubt, but their music is horrible. The electric guitar is an abomination. Who ever has heard of an electric violin? Or, for that matter, an electric singer?"

Gracious, lively and charming, said the reviewers in 1931 when the brother-and-sister act last went on in Broad-



NICOLE ALPHONSE
... a farewell dinner.

way's *The Band Wagon*. Then the girl went off to get married, but **Fred Astaire** got along on his own. Now, 34 years later, at the biennial Philharmonic Ball in Rochester's Eastman mansion, Fred, 66, accepted the George Eastman House Award, then twinkled with Sister **Adele Astaire Douglass**, 67, through some of the old steps from *Funny Face* and *Lady Be Good*.

Who dumped the horse manure at Paddy Kennedy's pub? The **Maharani of Cooch Behar** did, with the help of a truck. "I couldn't resist," explained the maharani, former Model **Gina Egan**, because it was her old friend Paddy's birthday and he was throwing a blast for himself at his pub, The Star, in London's Belgrave Mews. "Paddy has always backed my racehorse Mack the Knife, and he's been complaining that he's always lost," the maharani went on, "so I decided to send him a birthday present from Mack."

Midst Laurels stood: Harvard University's Dr. **Robert Burns Woodward**, 48, named to receive the 1965 Nobel Prize for chemistry for his "contributions to the art of organic synthesis," notably his synthesis of chlorophyll in 1961; Dr. **Julian Schwinger**, 47, also of Harvard; Dr. **Richard P. Feynman**, 47, of the California Institute of Technology; and Dr. **Shin-ichi Tomonaga**, 59, of the Tokyo University of Education, who will share the Nobel Prize for physics for their work, independent of one another, in defining the basic theories of quantum electrodynamics 20 years ago.



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THE LAW

TRIALS

Juries & Justice in Alabama

When Ku Klux Klansman Collie LeRoy Wilkins' trial for the murder of Civil Rights Worker Viola Gregg Liuzzo ended in a mistrial last spring, it was something of a victory for the prosecution. In that Deep South Lowndes County courtroom at Hayneville, Ala., anything short of outright acquittal had to be considered a surprise. And when Wilkins went on trial again last week, the odds against conviction had not changed. Juries in that very courtroom were remembering their old racist ways. Only last month, before the same Judge T. Werth Thagard who had presided at the first Wilkins trial, Tom Coleman had been acquitted of murdering another civil rights worker, Seminarian Jonathan M. Daniels.

For Cause. Now, as he had in the Coleman trial, Alabama's Attorney General Richmond Flowers exercised his right to supersede the county prosecutor. As far as he was concerned, his state's jury selection system was as much on trial as was the defendant. Relentlessly, Flowers and an assistant questioned each prospective juror, asking him whether he thought the white race superior to the Negro, whether he felt that any person like Mrs. Liuzzo who associated with Negroes thereby made herself inferior to other whites. Over vehement defense objections, Judge Thagard let Flowers get his answers. In short order, Flowers established that of 30 veniremen available for the jury, eleven felt that white civil rights workers were indeed inferior.

Then Flowers dropped his bombshell. He demanded the right to challenge all eleven "for cause." "How can the State of Alabama expect a fair and just verdict in this case from men who have already sat in judgment on the victim and pronounced her inferior to themselves?" he asked. Judge Thagard denied the motion. But he gave Flowers time to seek a reversal in Alabama's Supreme Court.

Unprovoked Violence. A special four-judge panel quickly turned Flowers down. "If we were to interrupt the trial of the Wilkins case to review the rulings here under consideration," said the court, "we would establish a precedent that would in the future operate to impede the progress of all criminal trials." Very carefully, the Alabama judges avoided any ruling on the Alabama jury system.

Back in Hayneville, the trial finally got under way with a jury including ten present or former members of the white Citizens Council and five men who ad-



KLANSMAN WILKINS
The victim was already guilty.

mitted believe in the inferiority of white civil rights workers.

Once more, the prosecution led FBI Informant Gary Rowe through his tale of unprovoked violence. Once more, the defense hammered away at alleged inconsistencies in the testimony of prosecution witnesses. Shying away from the blatant racism of the late Matt Murphy, who defended Wilkins at the last trial, Attorney Arthur Hanes told the jury it had to choose between the "Judas goat," Gary Rowe, and the "scapegoat," Collie Wilkins. If you do not vote for conviction, countered Attorney General Flowers, "the blood of this man's sin will stain your county for eternity."

In just one hour and 47 minutes, the jury emerged with the expected verdict: "Not guilty." The crowd in the courtroom broke into noisy applause.

MILITARY LAW

The Servicemen's Gideon?

Every American accused of a crime has a right to counsel at his trial. And if he cannot afford a lawyer, ruled the Supreme Court in *Gideon v. Wainwright* (1963), one must be supplied by the court.

Gideon clearly covers civilians, but what about U.S. servicemen? The Uniform Code of Military Justice requires trained lawyers at general courts-martial, which try major offenses. But special courts-martial, though they can mete out six months' confinement, require only "counsel," which means, under the code, that the defendant gets a lawyer only if the prosecutor is a lawyer. Otherwise, any officer will do.

Last July, at a small garrison in

Salt Lake City, Army Private First Class James E. Stapley, 19, faced a special court-martial on charges of being AWOI, for one day, bouncing eight checks, wrecking a government car and threatening a noncommissioned officer. Stapley requested a lawyer. He got a veterinarian, who advised him to plead guilty, ask for a 60-day rap and say nothing at the trial except "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." Busted to private, Stapley wound up in the stockade with his pay slashed to \$36 a month for half a year.

When Stapley asked for civilian help, Salt Lake City Lawyer James Cowley, an ex-Marine captain, petitioned U.S. District Judge A. Sherman Christensen for a writ of habeas corpus. In what may well become the *Gideon* of military law, Judge Christensen has just sprung Stapley, calling his trial "a mere mockery." Contrary to the Uniform Code of Military Justice, says Judge Christensen, the Sixth Amendment right to counsel means the right to a trained lawyer. It clearly applies to special courts-martial, "particularly where charges are substantial or involve moral turpitude, and may result in substantial deprivation of liberty."

The Justice Department has until Dec. 1 to file a notice of appeal. Unless higher courts reverse him, Judge Christensen's opinion sets a precedent that may force Congress to change the military code and provide the armed services with hundreds of additional military lawyers.

PRIVACY

The Prince & the Monk

Like a ghost out of his own past, the frail Russian prince sat in a darkened Manhattan courtroom and watched a TV re-enactment of one of history's most famous assassinations—the 1916 murder of Rasputin, the lecherous monk who held Svengalian power over the Czar and Czarina. Then the lights went on, and Prince Felix Youssouppoff, the man who did the deed, now a 78-year-old Parisian, got down to business—his \$1,500,000 suit against the Columbia Broadcasting System for invasion of privacy.

Pray! Hard of hearing now, stumbling over questions as translators worked with him in French, the last living participant in the all-but-forgotten plot described the fateful night of Dec. 29, 1916. He invited Rasputin to a midnight snack in the basement of his Moika palace, the prince told the court. There, while accomplices played *Yankee Doodle* on the phonograph upstairs, Youssouppoff fed Rasputin cakes and wine sprinkled with cyanide "sufficient to kill several men instantly." Rasputin merely "coughed," looked "drunk," and asked the prince to sing. Appalled, and in no mood for warbling, the prince ran upstairs to consult his friends and get a gun from the Grand Duke Dmitri. Creeping downstairs again, the prince

* Unlike the peremptory challenges allowed the prosecution (six in Alabama), which need not be for any stated cause, challenges "for cause" are not limited by number.

finally told Rasputin to pray—then put two bullets into his body.

"Gasping and roaring like a wounded animal," Rasputin still had enough energy to try to choke the prince. Like an actor in the TV play he disapproved of, the old man dramatically clutched his own throat in demonstration. After that, the dying monk staggered into the courtyard, where he showed remarkable stamina by surviving four more bullets before the prince beat him to death with a club and the plotters tossed the corpse into the ice-filled Neva River.

Jamais! Indignantly, the prince charged that the telecast recounting the murder had been shown in 1963 without his permission. Its "sexual atmosphere" falsely implied that he lured Rasputin to his palace by "pandering" his beautiful young wife to the Siberian mystic. The

drama was mainly based on Youssouppoff's own books, the Manhattan jury must now decide whether the TV film strayed too far from those earlier histories of what happened 49 years ago in St. Petersburg.

THE SUPREME COURT

U.S. Fever Chart

In a rare move, the U.S. Government last week invoked its constitutional power to bring a suit "originally" in the Supreme Court—leaping over all lower court action. It was the first such case in 16 years—and only the 15th in U.S. history.

As in all such cases, the stakes are high: the constitutionality of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. The Government is suing Alabama, Louisiana and Missis-

sissippi, claiming that the states have strained trade and violated the Sherman Act. The trustbusters insist that such franchise agreements hobble merchants across the country.

• **CIVIL RIGHTS.** Since murder is a state crime, what can the Government do when Southern states fail to act in racial murders? Last year it tried to resurrect an 1870 law that makes it a ten-year rap to deprive any person of his federal rights, but two Southern federal judges refused to apply the law in Georgia and Mississippi. The Supreme Court has also agreed to review the new Southern gimmick of giving Negroes "free choice" to attend white schools, while allegedly pressuring them not to. The court has refused for the fourth time to take a case involving Northern *de facto* school segregation—in effect, leaving Northern school administrators to remedy unintentional segregation.

• **PORNOGRAPHY.** Is *Fanny Hill* obscene? No, said New York's highest state court. Yes, said comparable courts in Illinois, New Jersey and Massachusetts. All of them used the Supreme Court's clearly unclear guidelines, such as whether pornography has "redeeming social interest." Now the learned Justices must curl up with *Fanny Hill* and subjectively decide for themselves—a chore that the American Civil Liberties Union urges them to give up entirely by declaring that all published material is protected by the First Amendment unless it creates a "clear and present danger" of antisocial conduct. The A.C.L.U. makes its point in the case of Publisher Ralph Ginzburg, who got a five-year rap for circulating the now defunct magazines *Eros* and *Liaison* and a so-called psychological study titled *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. While *Eros* gets high marks from assorted literary eminences, the court is unlikely to be edified by Ginzburg's gamier products, which he mailed from Middlesex, N.J., having failed to get postal privileges at Inter-county, Pa.

• **REAPPORTIONMENT.** What did the court really mean in 1962 by decreeing "one man, one vote"? This month the court 1) affirmed a temporary New York apportionment plan for election of the 1966 legislature, even though it violates the state constitution; 2) dismissed an appeal involving New York's Suffolk County board of supervisors, putting off the question of reapportioning city and county boards; 3) agreed to review three Hawaiian appeals questioning whether apportionment can be based on the number of registered voters.

• **VAGRANCY LAWS.** Are they constitutional? The court's long-awaited answer may come in the case of Eddie J. Hicks, a wandering guitarist who was convicted in Washington, D.C., of being a vagrant "leading an immoral or profligate life." That phrase is so unconstitutionally vague, argues Hicks, that it permits police to lock up anyone who looks suspicious. The court is likely to pay close heed.



RASPUTIN



THE YOUSSEUPOFFS

Cyanide, six shots—and still the lecher lived.

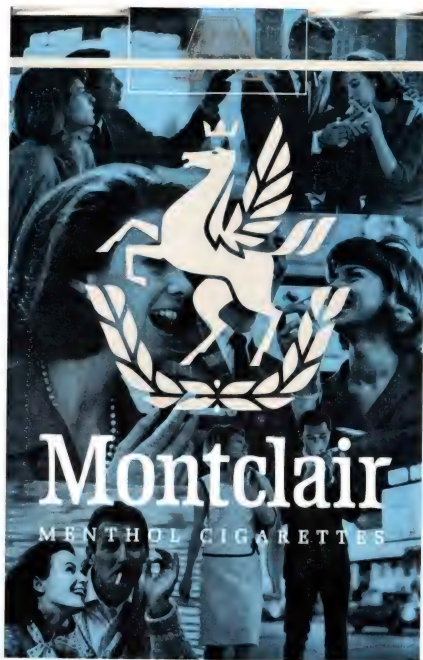
still-striking Princess Irina Youssouppoff took the stand to state that she had never known nor ever seen Rasputin. And in angry French, denying that he used his wife as "seductive bait," the prince cried, "*Jamais!*"

Though the details vary with the teller, the tale is not new. The prince himself has recounted his grisly story in two books, in one of which (*Lost Splendor*) he clearly suggests that Rasputin went to the palace because "he had long wished to meet my wife," who was actually in the Crimea at the time. But the book does not specifically spell out a "sexual atmosphere" in the conspiracy, and under New York privacy law, public media become liable for damages whenever they fictionalize historic facts about living persons without their written consent. The burden, though, is on the plaintiff, and the prince must prove that CBS went so far beyond the facts that it "tended to outrage public opinion or decency." Since CBS insists that its

sissippi, where federal examinations have been stopped cold in their effort to get Negroes registered. In those states, says the Government, local courts have simply kept Negroes off the voting rolls on the ground that the new federal law is an unconstitutional infringement on state power to regulate elections. To end this "grave frustration," the Government seeks a swift Supreme Court decision—hopefully before the South's coming spring primaries. Before that happens, the court must accept the case.

As it opens its 176th term, the court also confronts a docket of 1,300 other cases—a fever chart of almost every crucial conflict in the U.S. Among the highlights:

• **ANTITRUST.** To what extent can manufacturers restrict franchise retailers? Chevrolet dealers in Los Angeles sold new cars at bargain rates through discount houses. By stopping them, argues the Government, General Motors re-



Just enough in every puff.

New Montclair puts menthol in the filter for a bright, lively menthol flavor. And new Montclair is extra mild for a lighter, milder taste. Just enough bright lively flavor...just enough light mild taste. Just enough in every puff with new Montclair.

Product of R.J. American Tobacco Company

MODERN LIVING

FAIRS

To the Bitter End

The beginning, it has often been said, augurs the end. Certainly the axiom proved true of the New York World's Fair. It opened to disappointing crowds on a cold, rainy day in April 1964, with militant CORE picket lines all but blocking major avenues and hecklers disrupting President Johnson's send-off speech. Last week it closed with a frightening scene straight out of a Federico Fellini film fantasy.

While thousands of revelers swayed to the strains of *Auld Lang Syne* and

food stands themselves were prepared for the bulldozer. The motorless Fords and Mercurys at the Ford Pavilion were packed away on car trailers and shipped off to Detroit, where the company will add the motors, sell them to employees at cut rates. The talking Lincoln statue from the Illinois Pavilion was carefully crated, sent by moving van to Disneyland.

Missed Guess. While fair participants were salvaging what they could, fair investors were licking their wounds. The day before closing, Robert Moses issued a grim report to stockholders. In spite of 51 million visitors, 6,000,000

ence and the heliport, which will become the focal point for an eleven-acre zoo.

The most lasting memento at Flushing Meadow is not to be seen. At the Westinghouse Pavilion, buried in a 50-ft. steel shaft and sealed so as to last 5,000 years, is a Time Capsule crammed full of documents and artifacts. Among them: a tranquilizer, a birth-control pill, a pack of filter cigarettes, a blue and white bikini, and photographs of Joe DiMaggio, Errol Flynn and Adolf Hitler—but not one of Robert Moses.

NEW PRODUCTS

A Clap of Light

Remote control by radio and light waves has come along to operate from afar everything from TV to garage doors. This week Sonus Corp. will add a new tone to remote control. It will start distributing the Sonuswitch, which is activated by sound.

Anything electric can be plugged into Sonuswitch. All one has to do to turn it on or off is to clap his hands twice, quickly and sharply. The claps trigger the switch—and presto! Or a dog whistle, provided with the 540 switch, can be blown twice. For Sonuswitch is trained to respond only to 14-kilocycle signals that occur twice in the space of half a second. A constant signal will not do it, and the company, which is primarily an acoustical research and development firm, claims that few stray sounds will accidentally trigger it.

The 14,000 cycle frequency is so high that the adult human can barely hear it. The sound from clapping hands has overtones that get up to the high frequency, but overtones have little volume or carrying power, which means that the sound must be emphatic and reasonably close to the switch. The sound of dropped china breaking on a wood floor will not do, according to lab tests, but the second movement of *Vivaldi's The Four Seasons* will—if played on an absolutely first-rate, perfectly tuned hi-fi system. So will the telephone, if it is set on "loud" and the switch is within three feet. Before the year is out, the company plans to offer a second model that will respond only to the phone and only after 15 full phone rings. That will enable the housewife to call and start the air conditioner or the electric heater or the oven.

Lights, however, should be the most popular item to get Sonuswitching, the company figures. Travelers will be able to phone and turn the lights on at night to fool prowlers, then turn them off later on. And then, of course, there is always the predatory bachelor anxious for scientific help. With Sonuswitch, he never has to leave the couch. When he wants to turn off the light, all he has to do is clap his hands. There is still a handy riposte available for a quick-witted prey, however. She can slap him hard, twice.



FAIRGOERS UPROOTING CHRYSANTHEMUMS
Loot, to the strains of *Auld Lang Syne*.

The Star-Spangled Banner, prim ladies in tweed suits feverishly uprooted all the chrysanthemums recently planted for a permanent park, stuffed them into their pocketbooks or pinned them onto their hats. Tipsy men wantonly ripped signs from buildings, kicked over trash baskets, waded in the Unisphere fountain, and shinned up the 20-ft. poles near the United Nations Plaza to capture the flags. One man completely gutted a statue of King Tut near the Egyptian Pavilion, another attacked a copy of an ancient vase outside the Greek Pavilion with a hammer, while hundreds of people watched in silence. Everything from saltcellars to cameras was stolen as souvenirs.

Deflated Balloons. Lamentable as the vandalism was, it made little difference. The following day, demolition crews moved into the evacuated fairgrounds to pick up where the tourists had left off. The balloons above the ten Brass Rail Restaurants were deflated, and the

more than any other world's fair, the fair had been a fiscal flop: Moses' calculations had been based on 70 million. As a consequence, the Fair Corp. could not pay back its \$24 million loan from the city. Instead, New York will have to console itself with the sales taxes on the \$750 million worth of business the fair brought to metropolitan restaurants, hotels and shops. Moses further announced that he could pay only 50¢ on the dollar on \$29 million in promissory notes, and that the huge network of playgrounds he had hoped to build in Queens with his surplus profits would have to wait—perhaps forever. The Fair Corp. still had enough left in its coffers to follow through on one big promise—to turn the fairgrounds into a city park. The city is now negotiating to keep the handsome Federal Building as a training center for high school dropouts and the New York State Pavilion as an all-purpose theater. Other permanent fixtures are the Hall of Sci-



Seven-tenths of the earth's surface is water but 97% of it is salty



Westinghouse desalting plants can make the sea an endless source of fresh water

Where can the earth's expanding population get the fresh water it needs? We can get it from the endless supply in the sea.

Desalting plants offer one of the

most practical solutions to the problem.

Since 1951, 57 Westinghouse desalting units have been installed around the world. They are desalting millions of gallons of water a day.

Westinghouse is prepared to start building water-desalting facilities to help solve water deficiencies for coastal cities of any size—anywhere in the world.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse



Introducing the tuned car. 1966 Buick.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick.

Like this 1966 Electra 225.

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

What you can learn from a look. The beauty of a '66 Buick's beauty is that it goes beyond looks. Because we style the tuned car to look like a million dollars—and then build it as if looks didn't count.

So things fit on a Buick. The doors. The hood. Carpeting. You can see attention to detail wherever you look.

And things blend, too. You don't get the feeling that the rear deck doesn't belong with the grille, or that the interior doesn't really



quite fit in. That's tuned styling.

What a listen can tell you. Buick thinks building a quiet car is more than a matter of insulation. In fact, we build our cars as if insulation never existed. We winnow out sound before it starts.

And when we have the car as silent as we can, we apply insulation. Just the right amount, just where it'll do the most good.

And so when you go driving, you don't hear a lot of little intrusions. But you do feel the road. We think road feel is important, in the tuned car. (Our engineers spend vast amounts of time out on the road, testing and checking and re-testing. It's said that our chief engineer won't approve a design until we build it and he or his staff can test it.)

A drive can do more. Now that you've

been introduced to the tuned car, you should meet it personally. The Electra 225 in our picture is perhaps the ultimate Buick. (It answers the question, "What do you move up to when you've been used to a Buick?") Among its standard features are power steering and brakes, Super Turbine automatic transmission and virtually everything you can think of to make driving pure pleasure.

Driving the tuned car will teach you more than you might suspect.

For one thing, you'll find out why Buick owners are so loyal. And so many.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.





"Charles Francis Havens, Jr., you come right down from there!"

Come down to earth long enough to ask yourself: Are you making the most of what you're making? Unhappy fact is, the closer you get to the top, the less attention you're able to give the very special problems that success brings.

Which is where your Prudential agent can lend a hand. With your lawyer

and your accountant, he can help build a makes-sense personal program out of investments and profit-sharing and deferred compensation and retirement plans and insurance. Okay—climb back up that famous Ladder. Just remember: your Prudential "pro" is behind you every rung of the way.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America



THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

Dishing It Up in the Times

The slight man with the crinkled, smiling eyes is not the sort of celebrity for whom headwaiters snap to attention. When he walks into a Manhattan restaurant, hardly anyone notices. But he notices everything. Is the décor adequate? Does the headwaiter seem anxious to get on to someone else? Is there any single offering out of the ordinary on the menu? Is the wine overpriced? Is the busboy attentive to such details as discarded swizzle sticks and filled ashtrays? Are the service plates set just right? Then, having eaten and paid for his meal, Craig Claiborne, food and restaurant editor of the New York Times, goes on his way, full of sharp impressions.

Within a few days, the restaurant staff may wish it had made more of an effort. For Claiborne can dish out as good as he gets—or as bad. And when he says good, it is very, very good for the restaurant's business. When he says bad, it can be horrid. "Our children depend on this restaurant for their future," complained one hard-hit owner in a letter to the editor.

At 45, Craig Claiborne is regarded by many as New York's most important cuisine critic. After eight years on the job, he has more to say to more people than any other food columnist in the U.S. He turns out three columns a week, plus occasional Sunday-magazine pieces, is now updating his guide to New York restaurants, has edited the 717-page *New York Times Cook Book*, and is writing three more books, one of which will be a guide to the American regional kitchen.

To get material, Claiborne has trekked all across the country. Last month he got as far as Alaska, where he gamely tried boiled whale—a dish on which he delicately neglected to pass gustatory judgment.

Begging for Status. Born in Mississippi, where his mother ran a boardinghouse, Claiborne decided early in life that boardinghouse reach was not his preferred style of eating. After a hitch doing public-relations work for Joe Kennedy's Merchandise Mart in Chicago and a tour of duty with the Navy during the Korean War, he enrolled for a year at the Swiss Hotelkeepers' Association school in Lausanne. It is, he insists, the best such school in the world, and he is proud of the fact that he finished eighth in a class of 60 in cooking, sixth in table service ("I'm a bit rusty, but I could still outdo almost every New York waiter").

Shortly after graduation, the trained hotelkeeper decided to turn critic. He heard that Jane Nickerson, the woman who was then the Times food editor, was about to retire. "Don't you think

it's time for the paper to hire a man?" he asked bluntly. The paper agreed, and made Claiborne the first man ever to hold the job.

The only thing that the trim, 155-lb. bachelor enjoys more than his job is his bayside home in East Hampton, L.I. There, decked out in an ankle-length apron, he putters happily around his professionally equipped kitchen. A precise and sparing eater himself, Claiborne hates and rarely uses marzipan, marshmallows or iceberg lettuce, serves rigidly small portions to a constant stream of guests who range from curious neighbors to the giants of the profession.

One cookout this summer included White House Chef René Verdon, former Colony Chef Jean Vergnes, former Le Pavillon Chef Pierre Franey, La Caravelle Chef Roger Fessaguet, and Jacques Pépin, former chef to Charles de Gaulle. On the beach, the five-some whipped up a little barbecue that featured poached striped bass, grilled squabs and lobster *farcis*, plus a bluefish *au vin blanc*. Inevitably, the recipes used found their way into his column.

Claiborne's flair for entertaining also led him to write a regular feature on the country's outstanding hosts and hostesses. It is already so widely read that one woman begged to be included because "to be on the Times's food page is the newest status symbol in New York." She didn't make it.

Gross, Overcooked, Smoky. His lightly edited copy, which he clicks off in a half-hour per column, is primarily for those who make *haute cuisine* a hobby. The weekly thumbnail sketches he does on three restaurants are a guide for everyone who likes to eat well when they are out on the town. To keep up to

—A rarity that prevails throughout the U.S. press. Of 700 newspaper food editors, fewer than half a dozen are men.



CUISINE CRITIC CLAIBORNE
Delicate neglect of boiled whale.

date, Claiborne often tries two different places a day. He awards up to four stars, does not even deign to write about a restaurant "if there is more than 50% wrong with it."

He has long since concluded that New York is a vastly disappointing restaurant town, and the higher a restaurant's reputation the more demanding he seems to be. Said he of Voisin this year: "The egg en gelée was gross, the shrimp *marseillaise* was overcooked, although in an excellent spiced sauce, and the grilled sweetbreads Rose Marie tasted unpleasantly of smoke." The Colony, he says, can be worse. Best in the city, he insists, is Henri Soulé's Le Pavillon, followed by Joe Kennedy's favorite, La Caravelle. But the man from the Times has a taste that is nothing if not eclectic. He is always on the lookout for a good bowl of chili or a tasty hatch of delicatessen chopped liver. And, for his money, the Chock Full O' Nuts sandwich chain rates high indeed—although he reports sadly that during the past two years its frankfurters have gone into a decline.

REPORTING

Make It Deadpan, Make It Factual

Before the furor over Frank Morrissey's nomination for a federal judgeship died down last week (see THE NATION), it had ricocheted through headlines and editorials across the country. Yet relatively few people realized that the major factor in bringing the Morrissey case to a head was one newspaper's display of the kind of dogged, investigative journalism that is rare these days in the U.S. press. The paper is the Boston Globe, which zealously carried on a crusade to discover everything possible about the man it thought unfit for high judicial office.

Until recently, such a display has also

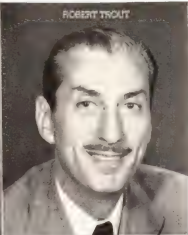
A cleverly mixed-up reason to turn to your **CBS Radio Station** this weekend (And stay there.)



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Mixing everything up is what makes the CBS Radio Network interesting.

Particularly when the mixture is spiced with the liveliest personalities on radio.

For example, you can't do better than Godfrey, Morgan, or Moore for entertainment.

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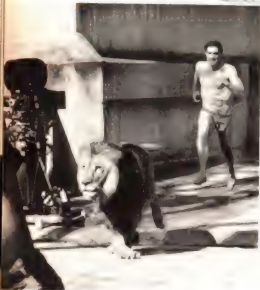


SHOW BUSINESS

LOCATIONS

The Pall of the Wild

Tropical rains flooded the mock-up Indian village, and bats and bird-sized moths flung themselves into the klieg lights. It was the Brazilian location of *Tarzan and the Big River*, and ex-National Football League Linebacker Mike Henry, the 14th Tarzan since the film series began in 1918, stood shivering in his thatched hut. Then, girding his loincloth, he swung wildly at a mosquito (thus marring his body makeup) and grumbled: "I took this job on to find out if the movie people really had



MAJOR & TARZAN

Rafer refused to wrestle the leopard.

fun. Now that I know, I'm getting the hell out."

Mike had been hooked when Producer Sy Weintraub offered him a seven-year deal that "will make you as rich as a whole backfield." How hard the money was to come by he began to realize as, groggy and red-eyed from an all-night flight, he stepped off the plane at Rio to meet the press and the heat. Both proved overpowering. Expected to exclaim about the charms of the carioca *moças*, Mike could only grunt about the weather. Next morning the papers smirkingly conjectured, "Maybe Mike Henry doesn't like women." Then, even faithful chimpanzee Cheeta turned on him. Filming a scene where they were supposed to kiss, the chimp suddenly sank his teeth into Mike. It took 18 stitches to reattach Tarzan's jaw, and three days and nights of "monkey fever" delirium before he regained consciousness.

Red-dogged Indians. Back on the set, he found even such old pros as Major, the 500-lb. lion, were acting up.

When Major refused to roar on cue, his trainer jabbed him in the nose with a long pole. No luck. Director Robert Day then ordered a native crewman to sneak up from behind and prod Major's snout. The Brazilian blanched and declined—until he was given an on-the-spot salary hike. Later on, Major shifted from depressive to manic, escaped during a Rio zoo take, sent visitors scrambling for their lives as he rambled free.

With such unpredictable performances from the animals, the film's villain, former Olympic Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson, chickened out on a scheduled wrestling scene with a leopard. "It was chained to a tree," explained Rafer, "and it was ripping the bark right off with its claws. I told the director: 'You get yourself another boy.'" Johnson was not the only recalcitrant actor. On the day Tarzan returned to the set, he was directed to ambush three Indian extras. Mike out-Tarzaned his thirteen predecessors, played it like a red-dogging linebacker, taking out all three with one thumping shoulder block. Two got up. The third was out cold, and when he was revived, refused at any price to make a retake. "Print it," growled Director Day.

Blonde-less Bond. By last week, still intact physically—if not emotionally—were two more of the film's featured players, TV Comic (*Treasure Hunt*) Jan Murray and blonde Starlet Diana Millay. Diana is cast as a wilderness nurse, for there is no Jane nor love interest in Producer Weintraub's 1960s concept of the Edgar Rice Burroughs hero. "They like to think of their new Tarzan as the James Bond of the Jungle," she complains, "but Bond would have known what to do with a blonde on a moonlit night on a tropical river. Tarzan just cuddles up to his monkey," Murray, who plays a riverboat captain, also feels miscast in this, his first big Hollywood role. "I don't know what the hell I'm doing here," he moans. "I have to take a tranquilizer even to feed my goldfish, and in this movie I've got to act with a lion, two monkeys and a snake. I'm firing my agent just as soon as I can get to a post office."

OPENINGS

The Collaborators

It was the inaugural gala and they were all there, from a pride of Rockefeller to Mrs. Fred Eberstadt in her Yves St. Laurent black mink-and-vinyl coat. And loving it. "Beautiful," exclaimed Saks Fifth Avenue President Adam Gimbel. "Glorious," said onetime White House Arts Adviser August Hecksher. "The most beautiful theater," exclaimed Hollywood Producer Otto Preminger. "Marvelous and effective," said Playwright Alan Jay Lerner. So, last

week, with a popping of flashbulbs and champagne corks, the Vivian Beaumont Theater, latest unit to join Manhattan's Lincoln Center, swung into orbit with its opening production, Georg Buechner's 130-year-old *Danton's Death*.

Some of the celebrities had come to see the play—3-D electronic music, cast of 43, four beheadings—but most had come to glory in the building, the first new legitimate theater to rise in Manhattan for 38 years. There was nothing automatic about its success; no theater has had a more troubled past or has required more midwives to officiate at its birth. In the first place, the \$9,600,000 structure is not one building, but two. The theater cove and lobby were designed by the late Eero Saarinen; the exterior, which serves as a library, is the work of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill's Gordon Bunshaft. "This is the least likely marriage I have envisioned," Saarinen wrote his staff. "But it might be very interesting. We can at least call it an affair."

Sets Overhead. The end of the affair did not come until Saarinen's premature death in 1961, but by then final plans were all but complete. Bunshaft, as Mr. Outside, had given the theater a mighty proscenium entrance with a towering concrete truss that spans 150 ft., yet rests on only two columns. Fronting it is a shimmering reflecting pool, set off by British Sculptor Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure* (see color).

As Mr. Inside, Eero Saarinen teamed up with Broadway Set Designer Jo Mielziner; the two men set out to design the most modern and flexible theater that they could conceive of, including an automated console programmed to control the saturation lighting for a three-hour show, a stage containing a motorized turntable, 36 ft. in diameter, large enough to handle an entire production, with an independently rotating 5-ft. outer ring left over. And tucked away overhead was space for the sets of five shows.

Actors from the Audience. To see how the ideas would work out, Saarinen took over an abandoned movie theater in Pontiac, Mich., built a full-scale mockup. To find out what was needed, Mielziner plotted out 150 plays that he had designed (among them *Death of a Salesman*, *The King and I*, *South Pacific*), discovered that the main action in almost every play took place in a triangle whose base rested on the footlights. Mielziner and Saarinen boldly flipped the triangle so that it was pointing into the audience, thus doubling the prime acting area available. When the extra thrust stage is not wanted, it can be lowered into the pit so that the theater reverts to traditional form.

To ensure the proper dramatic alchemy of darkness and illumination, the walls are painted a somber brown, seats have been given soft red covers. To keep the theater intimate, the audience is wrapped around the stage on three sides, and none of the theater's 1,140 seats is more than 65 ft. away from the



NEW BEAUMONT THEATER, which opened last week at Manhattan's Lincoln Center, is fronted by reflecting pool as setting for Henry Moore's 16-ft.-tall *Reclining Figure*.

LOW-LEVEL LOBBY, connecting underground car approach beneath and plaza above, teems with preview crowd. Curved wall by balcony (right) is back of theater.





THRUST STAGE, which extends 28 ft., displaces 57 seats, is platform for final scene at *Danton's Death* in which Lucille

(Gail Fisher) mourns husband guillotined during the Terror. Audience is seated in rows rising steeply on three sides.



COMPUTERIZED CONSOLE is programmed in advance to control all the lighting for *Danton's* two acts with 32 scenes.



DRESSING ROOM is repainted by Actresses Beatrice Manley (top) and Priscilla Pointer. Offstage they are Mrs. Blau and Mrs. Irving—wives of the company directors.

stage. Actors have the maximum of freedom; they can make their entrances from before and behind the wings and from two "vomitoriums"—runways 6 ft. from the lip of the stage. In *Danton's Death*, the actors seem to emerge from the audience itself.

Who is Irving Blau? For all the spirit of collaboration that hovered over the inception of Lincoln Center's Beaumont Theater, there was a question last spring as to whether there would be any repertory company left to take it over. After a disastrous 1964 season in temporary quarters, Producer Robert Whitehead, Director Elia Kazan and Author Arthur Miller had all been either dismissed or had left. It was, as one critic put it, "the death of the Group Theater of the '30s." To replace them, the Lincoln Center management reached more than 3,000 miles across America—over the heads of some of Broadway's greatest names—to tap two comparative unknowns, Herbert Blau, 38, and Jules Irving, 39, collaborating directors of San Francisco's highly touted Actor's Workshop.

News of the appointment caught New York by surprise. "Who is Irving Blau?" asked the Times. Ironically, "Irving Blau" turned out to be two native-born New Yorkers, both graduates of Manhattan's own N.Y.U. Soon after graduation they went West, taught full-time at San Francisco State College and, on the side, obtained Ford and Guggenheim fellowships and created the experimental theater that won them their new jobs.

American Firsts. For their Manhattan debut, they have brought east 14 of the San Francisco company (including their actress wives). The rest of the New York company is almost equally divided between the Kazan cadre and new recruits. They will all see action. Following *Danton*, Blau and Irving have scheduled three more productions for their 1965-66 season: Wycherley's *The Country Wife*, Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona* and Bertolt Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, all plays sounding the themes of violence and chicanery from the 17th to the 20th century.

Last season half the Lincoln Center Repertory's plays were American products. This season there are none. Why? The co-producers, who like to Think Big and have used their entire company for *Danton*, explain: "There was no American play readily available with the breadth we need." American firsts will come next year, when Blau and Irving plan to go back to their San Francisco policy of introducing new American playwrights and reviving big-cast American classics.

Hopefully they will fare better at the hands of the critics than *Danton*, which was guillotined by the reviewers (see THEATER). If they fail, it will not be for lack of money. The company is the most heavily subsidized repertory in the U.S., and the first season is already 93% subscribed.

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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Toughening Charles at Timbertop

High in the Australian bush country northeast of Melbourne, the "slushies" at Timbertop school scarcely paused in their chores when they got the official news: 16-year-old Prince Charles, heir to the British throne, will become one of Timbertop's "young old boys" in February. There had been rumors that the prince might transfer from Scotland's Gordonstoun School, and while royalty is something special at "Australia's Eton," wealthy boys from throughout the world are commonplace there, and the slushies[®] are pretty blasé about such things.

Birds, Beetles & Butterflies. Timbertop, patterned largely after Gordonstoun, is a branch of Australia's Geelong Grammar School, an exclusive institution operated by the Church of England. It is designed to toughen up 130 young aristocrats every year. The boys do all their own housekeeping except cook. They make overnight hikes across 1,300 acres of rugged Crown land, watch birds, hunt beetles, collect butterflies.

Young Charles will live in a rustic wooden dormitory, get up at 7 a.m., dress in jeans, an open shirt, sweater and desert boots. He will take his turn at serving a breakfast of cooked meal, tea, toast and milk from a nearby dairy barn, attend compulsory chapel, then turn to rigorous academic work until 3 p.m. After that come the chores,

Timbertop students spend much of their time "slushing around" in kitchen and cleaning duties.

which range from polishing the chapel's huge picture window to varnishing floors, feeding the pigs, washing the dishes, cutting and carting a portion of the 500 tons of wood that the school consumes each year. In the evening he will study under a master's eye. Lights go out at 9:15.

Beneath Silver Wattle. His real mettle will be tested, however, on long cross-country runs through the steep hills. And each weekend, rain, shine or snowstorm, hiking parties set out after class on Friday, live until Sunday afternoon in the bush, cooking johnnycakes and damper (a sconelike bread). They cover up to 100 miles of trail beneath silver wattle and broad-leaf peppermint trees, scramble across crumbly dacite rocks. They also tramp six miles to reach ski runs on Mount Stirling, where there are no tows or lifts.

For all its outdoor ruggedness, however, Timbertop still accents the academic. Tough courses in English, math and science are compulsory, and boys must learn either French, German or Latin. The school charges \$405 a term; it is so popular that parents normally have to apply ten years ahead of time to get their children on the Geelong waiting list.

While Australia appreciated the royal attention, its public-school administrators were somewhat miffed that the prince will attend such an upper-class school. "If the desire is for the prince to meet Australians, it is desirable for him to meet ordinary run-of-the-mill Australians," sniffed Douglas Broadfoot, an official of the New South Wales Teachers Federation. "Leaders of the government have been seriously remiss

in not advising the Queen more accurately. Prince Charles might just as well stay in England and attend Eton as come to Australia and go to Geelong Grammar."

ACADEMIC DISCIPLINES

Sociology in Bloom

In their characteristic way, some sociologists define sociology as "the study of the behavior of human beings with, to, and for one another, and of the resulting arrangement of relationships and activities which we call human society." Now something new is happening with, to, and for sociologists. They are finding to their delight that their work is in great demand in today's self-conscious society. Their academic prestige is rising, and colleges are eager to pay a high price for their talents as well as their semantics.

Peppering the Profs. "We've come into a new day," says Dr. Dan Dodson, chairman of N.Y.U.'s department of sociology and anthropology, while complaining that he sought seven new sociologists for his staff this year, but could snare only three because of the nationwide competition. "I fully expected to retire at \$10,000 and live a fairly spartan life," beams a young Emory University sociologist who got 14 job offers—one at \$18,000 a year—even though he was not seeking a change. "I hardly know what to make of what's happened."

The Berkeley campus of the University of California—where some people would say a need has been demonstrated—has offered more than \$25,000 a year to a few renowned sociologists, \$20,000 to others less well known. The University of Southern California will pay \$20,000 for a top professor, as will New York University. A big name can try for \$25,000 at Harvard and probably get it. A sociologist at Tulane who only five years ago was drawing \$10,000 now gets \$21,000. And average pay is also rising. Median salary at the universities is \$10,000, only slightly below economists'.

Moonlighting becomes them too. Publishers are peppering sociologists with offers. "I've heard it said that any sociology professor who can't double his salary with extracurricular jobs shouldn't be here," says Brandeis Sociology Chairman John R. Seeley. A sociologist can command \$100 a day as a consultant to industry, up to \$90 a day as adviser to such federal agencies as the National Institutes of Health, CIA, Census Bureau, State Department, Office of Economic Opportunity, and Office of Education. Sociologist David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*) left Chicago for Harvard in 1958, not for money ("Any time I'm hard up I can give a lecture somewhere"), but because he was offered a special chair that would permit him to teach undergraduates without restrictions. Demographers are in big demand, and so are social psy-



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Executive Sued For \$750,000 In Libel Suit Here

In June, a former executive of a major insurance company was sued for \$750,000 in a libel suit. The plaintiff, a former executive of the company, alleged that the defendant had defamed him in a letter to the press.

The defendant, who is now a senior executive of the company, denies the charges and says that the letter was a misquoting of his remarks.

Injured Ten Years Ago, Woman Finally Collects \$117,000

A woman who was injured in a car accident ten years ago has finally collected \$117,000 in damages. The woman, who was a housewife at the time, had been unable to work since the accident. She had also incurred medical expenses and lost wages.

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chologists and sociologists with training in medicine. The American Sociology Association, whose total membership runs to 8,500, has a medical-sociology section with nearly 600 members.

Dirty Hands. Why such new success for sociologists? "This is a complicated society with a lot of problems around, and there's a demand for people who are trying to understand them," explains Harvard Sociologist Talcott Parsons. Another reason, says Riesman, is that "the bloom of psychoanalysis is off": people's problems often have to be related to conditions that lie beyond their family situations. The new drives against poverty, urban blight and crime have also increased the demand for sociologists who, as George Washington University Vice President Jack Brown says, "want to get out in the field and get their hands dirty rather than just talk about social problems."

For these reasons, student enrollment in sociology courses is rising rapidly at both undergraduate and graduate levels. "Students today want to get involved, to know the society they live in and to change it," explains Sociologist Paul Sheldon of Occidental College. They are asking for such courses as "The Modern City," "Social Pathology" and "Intercultural Relations." Harvard's survey course in sociology attracted 250 students last year; this year there are 325. Graduate student enrollment in sociology at U.S.C. has nearly doubled in the past two years. A few sociology departments even keep the names of their best students quiet and offer them graduate fellowships—at up to \$4,000 a year—to entice them to stay. Among the most eminent departments are those of Berkeley, Harvard, Columbia and Chicago.

The same impact is felt at schools of social work. Enrollment in the nation's 59 graduate schools has increased over the past ten years from about 3,500 to more than 8,000. The U.S.C. Graduate School of Social Work has doubled its faculty in the past five years, still turns away increasing numbers of applicants. Boston University's School of Social Work is looking for housewives with social work degrees to fill faculty vacancies. The nationwide Council for Social Work received 45,000 inquiries about career possibilities this year (three times that of a year ago), reports that 15,000 jobs for social workers are going begging.

"Young people today," concludes U.C.L.A.'s Eileen Blackey, dean of the Graduate School of Social Welfare, "are very concerned with the catastrophic changes that are leaving people broken and bruised. The level of students who are coming to us now is very exciting. The whole society is more alive to social problems."

• Which train social workers and other specialists seeking careers in welfare fields. Sociologists, on the other hand, are concerned with theoretical studies.

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Baroque Romp

It was a five-hour spectacular, and London had never seen anything like it. Right there on stage, swans were transformed into fairies, a bridge dissolved, Phoebe galloped through the clouds in a chariot drawn by four white horses. There were waterfalls, fountains, fireworks, peacocks, monkeys, exotic wildlife, Chinese dancers, assorted spirits and nymphs, gods and goddesses, all swirling before the eye in a riot of color and fantasy.

Natural Addition. The year was 1692. The production was Composer Henry Purcell's *The Fairy Queen*, an adaptation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Called "semi-opera," it was a kind of kaleidoscopic revue for which Purcell wrote some of his freshest and most delightful music, ranging from simple roundelays, jigs and folk songs to the most elaborate canons, miniature symphonies and exercises in counterpoint. It was the smash hit of the season. Three years later, at the age of about 36, Purcell died (allegedly from pneumonia contracted when he returned home from a drinking bout one wintry night to find that his wife had locked him out). With him disappeared all trace of *The Fairy Queen* for more than two centuries. Then, in 1901, a copy of the score was unearthed in the Royal Academy of Music, and several attempts were made to readapt Shakespeare's comedy to the score—with no success.

Now, with appropriate ebullience, *The Fairy Queen* has suddenly sprung to life again. Premiered last week in Munich's quaint, century-old Gärtnerplatz Theater, the new adaptation by French Set Designer-Director Jean-Pierre Ponelle proved to be the most engaging discovery of the season. Boldly cutting the Bard's text, Ponelle fashioned a crazy-quilt mixture of opera, drama, slapstick, ballet, pantomime, skits, sight gags and fantasy into a free-wheeling baroque romp. The production, which took Ponelle a full 15 months to make ready, masterfully recreates Purcell's shadowy stage world with its strange nether-world creatures slinking through a sepia-tone forest primeval, goblins and centaurs lurking in the trees under a Venetian-blue sky, dense with astrological symbols. Coupled with the buoyant, richly varied music of Purcell, the theatrical impact of *The Fairy Queen*, as one critic said, "makes it a natural addition to the repertory of any opera house in the world."

Something for Everyone. The opening-night audience awarded the production an ovation that one critic cited as "unprecedented in the annals of this theater." Raved the *Münchner Merkur*: "This presentation satisfies everyone: the musical connoisseur, who for

once has the rare chance to experience genuine baroque theater; the music lover, who rarely has the opportunity to listen to a whole evening of Purcell; and finally the spectator, whose desire to be stunned, transposed and enchanted is just as fulfilled as his want for laughter and humor."

ORCHESTRAS

Pursuing the U.S. Ideal

When the Boston Symphony made its triumphant debut in Moscow in 1956, Russian audiences were shocked to discover what the outside world had long acknowledged—that U.S. orchestras were the world's finest. Russian cultural circles began buzzing with talk



KONDRASHIN AT CARNEGIE HALL
All in the face.

of the "orchestra gap." One of the most outspoken critics was Kiril Kondrashin, then conductor with the Bolshoi opera, who bluntly declared that Russian orchestras had to shape up. Four years later, when Kondrashin was appointed conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic, he admitted that "the U.S. orchestra is the ideal I am working toward."

U.S. audiences last week had an opportunity to hear how successful Kondrashin has been, as the 112-member Moscow Philharmonic launched its first tour of the U.S. with a series of concerts in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. Consensus: an uneven but promising orchestra of international rank. The Moscow brass and woodwinds were bright and full-throated, but the strings sounded thin and oddly colorless. Though sometimes lacking in subtlety and balance, the orchestra played with great exuberance and a kind of healthy sentimentality. The tall, imposing Kondrashin, who does not use a baton, in the belief that the face can convey more

than the arms, smiled and scowled like a silent-movie hero, occasionally punctuated climaxes with gestures as sudden and menacing as a karate chop. Compared with Russia's other two major orchestras, both of which have previously toured the U.S., the Moscow Philharmonic proved itself superior to the heavily romantic Moscow State Orchestra but lacking the versatility and polish of the Leningrad Philharmonic.

Founded in 1951, the Moscow Philharmonic is Russia's youngest major orchestra. Under the tutelage of Kondrashin, now 51, the Philharmonic specializes in the early classics, contemporary Soviet composers and what the Russians call modern music: Hindemith, Poulenc, Mahler. As for Schoenberg and his successors, Kondrashin says flatly: "Nyet! This is not music. This is noise." He drills his young (average age: 35) musicians four to six hours a day. He admires U.S. orchestras for their happy blend of "German discipline and a French kind of freedom." But as a loyal Communist, he has decried their artistic and financial dependency on "the voluntary sacrifices of millionaires," whose only concern is their own "satisfaction and public advertisement." Otherwise, he says, Americans are "warm-hearted, broadminded and businesslike—just like Russians."

A Ford in Their Future

While Kondrashin & Co. were celebrating the joys of collectivist music making last week, the Ford Foundation announced grants totaling \$85 million to U.S. orchestras. It is the largest amount ever given at one time by any foundation to any of the arts.

The gift is the result of an eight-year study that explored the pathetic plight of the American musician. The average annual salary for musicians playing with the 25 major orchestras (defined as those with budgets over \$250,000) is \$5,267; for those with the 33 metropolitan orchestras (budgets over \$100,000 but under \$250,000), it is \$1,174. In the vast majority of cities, elementary and high school teachers are paid better than the symphony musicians, most of whom moonlight at everything from teaching to selling used cars.

The grant will be divided among all 58 of the major and metropolitan orchestras, in sums ranging from \$600,000 to \$2,500,000. One-fourth (\$21 million) of the grant will be an outright gift, the remainder (\$64 million) will be endowment funds, which the orchestras must match over three- to five-year periods. Large as it is, the foundation emphasizes, the grant will cover only about 10% of projected orchestral costs during the next decade. "We hope," said a foundation spokesman, "that the very discrepancy between the size of the grant and the enormity of the need will awaken more people to the plight of the artist in our society."



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INGRES BY DAVID?

Not Ingres, and certainly not by David.

COLLECTIONS

Red Faces at the Louvre

The predominant color at the Louvre this week: red. The cause: embarrassment. Since Sept. 24, some 20,000 people a week have streamed through the museum to see 102 impressive French masterpieces on cultural exchange from Russia's Hermitage and Pushkin collections. One of those people, Art Dealer Daniel Wildenstein, at 48 an eminent authority on painting, was not so impressed. In a tart letter to *Le Figaro*, he cited 15 paintings as "incontestably apocryphal," which is a polite way of saying fake.

"Some were not even painted during the lifetimes of the artists to whom they are attributed," wrote Wildenstein. Among others, he named two so-called Claude Lorrains, a Boucher, a Watteau (which he described as "flea market quality") and a Courbet. As for the portrait of Ingres by David, "It is not by David and does not represent Ingres"; in fact, in 1796, it was exhibited as a work by Constance Mayer. Says Wildenstein, who consulted his reference library of 300,000 books before speaking out: "The Russians are simply making fun of us with this exhibit."

The Russians have vociferously denied Wildenstein's charges, but French critics tend to agree with him. "The Russians boxed us in very neatly on this one," an art critic for *Le Figaro* said privately. "On est des cocus." (We've been cuckolded.) As for the Louvre's curators, they protested that they had merely accepted the show from Bordeaux, where it was organized by the Gaullist mayor, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, with the blessings of Culture Minister André Malraux. However, one curator admitted: "The first thing I did when I noticed—uh—certain things, was rewrite the catalogue."

Under the terms of the exchange,

ART

the Louvre had packed 52 top-quality French paintings off to the U.S.S.R. Getting a chance to examine those works, suggested Wildenstein, might do the Russians some good. "Russians probably know a lot about ikons," he said, "but I don't think they know much about French painting."

PAINTING

The Man Who Left Home

It was as natural as two lumps in his cup of tea. The year was 1782, and there was Elkanah Watson, 24, a Massachusetts-born merchant visiting London with 100 guineas to burn. As he dined with the famous expatriate painter John Singleton Copley, Watson resolved to spend the money on a portrait of himself. Together they decided to include in the painting, as Watson wrote, "a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the union, streaming from her gaff."

Prudently, the artist waited until the royal proclamation of U.S. independence. Returning from the House of Lords where on Dec. 5, 1782 King George III recognized the freedom of his former colonies, Copley invited Watson to his studio. "There," recalled Watson, "with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, he attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England."

The portrait (*see color*) is Copley at his finest hour. Commingled with the puritanical solidity of American realism are the extravagant fancies of Britain's "Grand Manner"—sharply outlined bulks interrupted by thin, evanescent cuffs, ruffles and fluttery papers. The painting underlines the irony of Copley's dilemma. As is documented by a current show* on the 150th anniversary of the artist's death, he was the first great American painter, but his very quest for art destroyed that vision.

Frivolous & Sacrilegious. Brought up in the thrifty, strait-laced atmosphere of colonial Boston with its population of 18,000, Copley had no great art works to study. Art was held to be frivolous, even sacrilegious, except for sign painting and portrait limning. Complained Copley: "Was it not for preserving the resemblance of particular persons, painting would not be known in the place. The people generally regard it no more than any other useful trade."

Forced to learn from local journeyman artists, Copley unwittingly developed a native vision. His metallic colors, hard lines and precise realism produced

steely likenesses of such colonial worthies as Paul Revere, Samuel Adams, John Hancock. Learning by trial and error, he made his clients sit for as many as 900 hours while he perfected their portraits. Rates were strictly by size: "Whole lengths 40 guineas, half lengths 20, 1 pieces or busts 10."

Ten years before the Revolution, Sir Joshua Reynolds had seen Copley's *Boy with Squirrel* in London, had it hung at the Society of Artists without knowing the painter's correct name. Copley's contemporary, Pennsylvania-born Benjamin West, living in London since 1763, urged him to visit Europe's art treasures and learn to eliminate his too "lily" look. Not until the eve of the Revolution did Copley, accused of being a Tory sympathizer, dare risk ocean passage. He left behind him three houses and 20 acres on Beacon Hill. Copley never returned to America.

60,000 Paying Visitors. While making the Grand Tour, Copley discovered the glories of the High Renaissance and the Baroque. Settling in London, he tried to imitate the studied sophistication of European taste by loosening his brushwork and warming his colors. He executed more than 55 individual portraits for *The Death of the Earl Chatham*. For six years, he labored on an 18-ft. by 25-ft. canvas titled *The Repulse of the Floating Batteries at Gibraltar*; in 1791, 60,000 people paid to see it in an oriental tent set up near Buckingham Palace at the King's invitation.

There was never an encore. Copley's style became even more watery as he drew further away from the bedrock realism of his Boston background. But though he was tempted to return to the scenes of his youthful triumphs, he only admired America from afar, confidently predicted: "In 100 years the woods will be cleared, and art would then be encouraged there and great artists arrive."



COPLEY BY COPLEY

Not revolutionary, but definitely American.

* Now at the National Gallery, the exhibition travels next to New York's Metropolitan Museum and Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.

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MEDICINE

SURGERY

Bypassing the Small Bowel

When the unhappy clerical worker first consulted Dr. Manrico Troncelliti of Pennsylvania's Sacred Heart Hospital in Norristown, he seemed a veritable caricature of obesity. He was 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weighed 376 lbs. He could hardly walk a city block and could not tie his own shoelaces. He had a bleeding ulcer on his leg that refused to heal—a common problem of the grossly overweight.

Satisfied that both diet and drugs had already been tried, Dr. Troncelliti decided on heroic measures. He prescribed a jejunocolostomy (short-circuiting most of the small bowel), an operation devised in 1912 for patients suffering from incurable metabolic defects. Because the body absorbs most of its fats through the wall of the lower small bowel, by drastically shortening that absorbing wall the surgeon hoped to limit his patient's assimilation of fat calories.

Blind Loop. Dr. Troncelliti opened the man's abdomen and cut the small bowel about 42 inches below the point where it emerges from behind the large bowel (see diagram). He took the free end of this 42-inch loop and stitched it into the side of the transverse colon, leaving the remaining 15 to 20 feet of the small bowel as a nonfunctioning blind loop. When the man recovered from the operation, he continued to overeat, but the food digested in his stomach and duodenum passed more directly into his colon. He absorbed enough protein and starch to keep him alive but not enough fat to maintain his weight.

The patient lost 96 lbs. in little more than a year, and his leg ulcer healed. Then he developed a hernia at the op-

eration scar, so the surgeons went in again. Since his weight loss had been only moderate, they cut out a foot of jejunum. That did it. The clerical worker is now down to a merely rotund 165 lbs.; he is back at his office desk, able to tie his shoelaces, and happy as never before.

No Panacea. After such surgery, now standardized with a 30-inch loop of jejunum, most patients suffer from some diarrhea, and at best must expect to have three or four bowel movements daily. This is not a high price to pay for the dramatic benefits. Dr. Troncelliti suggested in his report to the annual congress of the American College of Surgeons last week. At the same time, he emphasized that he is not recommending this "super-surgery as a panacea for the super-obese." To qualify as a candidate for jejunocolostomy, a patient must be at least 100 lbs. overweight, must have tried and failed with other reducing regimens, and must have some medical problem associated with excess weight—a high blood-cholesterol level, for example, or abnormally high blood pressure.

In most of the ten such cases Dr. Troncelliti has operated on at Norris-town and at Bryn Mawr Hospital, the desired loss in weight has been accompanied by a lowering of cholesterol level or blood pressure, or both. A rare advantage of this operation is that it is reversible—if weight loss becomes too great, the jejunum and ileum can be hooked up again in the way that nature intended.

LAURELS

Up by the Bootstraps

When Guillermo Arbona picked up his M.D. diploma from St. Louis University and returned to his native Puerto Rico in 1934, the island's death rate was 19.3 per 1,000, as against 11 per 1,000 in the continental U.S. Malaria and tuberculosis were rampant, along with the so-called tropical diseases caused by intestinal parasites. The island's annual health budget came to only \$1.3 million—a mere 80¢ per capita.

Today, as Secretary of Health for up-by-the-bootstraps Puerto Rico, Dr. Arbona could proudly report that his island's death rate has been cut to 7.2 per 1,000, while the U.S. is only down to 9.4 per 1,000. Malaria has been completely wiped out. Tuberculosis has been cut to 5% of its former incidence, and intestinal parasitic disease to 10%. The health budget is up to \$70 million, or 21% of total Commonwealth spending (only education takes more, with 31%). And much of the credit for improving the island's health goes to Dr. Arbona himself.

Born in the little western mountain town of Maricao, he escaped the cap-



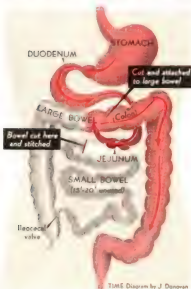
PUERTO RICO'S DR. ARBONA
Now, an island of health.

ital-city fixation that besets so many Latin American physicians. He resented the fact that in 1934 San Juan had 35% of the island's doctors while most of the communities had none. Working his way up through the Commonwealth's health department, Dr. Arbona spent years organizing Puerto Rico's scattered towns and villages into five medical regions, each with a modern medical center of its own.

He moved medical, nursing and welfare personnel out into the countryside so that the poorest sugar-cane workers' children would get the same medical and dental examinations as city youngsters. Now there are clinics for pregnant women and for well babies—along with proper care for the sick. Where TB patients once languished for lack of treatment in a sanatorium, health workers now give out supplies of isoniazid to be taken at home, and then they check to make sure the pills are really taken.

While he was inaugurating these improvements, Dr. Arbona relied heavily on the help of public-health experts from the mainland; now that Puerto Rico has become a showcase, it is Dr. Arbona himself who is in demand to give advice to other Latin American countries.

For his accomplishments, Dr. Arbona received one of three annual Bronfman Foundation awards (\$5,000 each) of the American Public Health Association last week. The other winners: Dr. Alexander Langmuir, 55, chief of the U.S. Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta (the famed "disease detectives"), and Dr. George James, 50, who is now taking the deanship of Manhattan's developing Mount Sinai School of Medicine, after three years as New York City's commissioner of health.



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

SPORT

BOXING

Joey's Last Payday

After 18 years in the ring and 129 pro fights, Joey Giardello is too much of a pragmatist to rue what might have been. He has, after all, a wife, four children and a \$35,000 home in Cherry Hill, N.J. How many fighters can claim that? But Joey was already an old man of 33 before he got a crack at the world middleweight championship. He was 35 when he lost it at Madison Square Garden last week to the same man he took it away from: Nigeria's Dick Tiger. That did not really matter either. What did was the fact that Joey's cut of the \$161,964 gate came to \$56,050, making it the biggest payday of his career.

It was also his last—as a fighter. In the second round, Tiger ripped a left hook to Joey's jaw that knocked him halfway across the ring. Twice more, in the seventh and twelfth rounds, Joey was rocked by solid punches to the head. Legs rubbery, hair matted with sweat, blood trickling down his lumpy face from cuts over both eyes, he stubbornly fought on, even though his cause was hopeless. After 15 rounds, the judges' verdict was unanimous for Tiger. Giardello had no excuses. "I wanted to show New York a good fight," he said, and announced that he was retiring. At that, Champion Tiger could only wonder rhetorically: "How can he live if he does not fight?"

PRO FOOTBALL

Confessions of a Legend

The whole world loves a lover—which probably accounts for the fact that people are forever doing favors for Paul ("Golden Boy") Hornung, 29. Paul is properly grateful. In his autobiography, *Football and the Single Man* (Doubleday: \$4.95), the ex-Notre Dame star and veteran Green Bay Packers halfback does his best to repay everybody who, as he puts it, "contributed to making Paul Hornung, like Wyatt Earp, a legend in his own time."

It is quite a list. First come the sports writers, who awarded him the Heisman Trophy as the U.S.'s No. 1 college player in 1956, after he sparked Notre Dame's Fighting Irish to their worst (two wins, eight losses) season in history. There is Paul's mother, who pounded a typewriter for the WPA in Louisville after his father left home in 1939, and cut corners all one year to buy him a \$48 bicycle for Christmas. "I rode it up and down the street once," recalls Paul, "and that was it."

Then there is the "friendly, friendly" college recruiter who offered him 1) \$10,000 in cash, 2) a new car, and 3) not one but two free scholarships (the other was for the girl of his choice) to play ball at some place other than Notre Dame. Roman Catholic

Hornung had to refuse: "If I hadn't, there wouldn't be a priest in Louisville who would talk to me." South Bend, as it turned out, wasn't such a bad place after all. Paul drove a car on campus in violation of the rules, and he learned to save his class cuts for long weekends that extended through Monday and Tuesday.

Parce & the Black Books. Thanks to his friends, Hornung's whole life has been one long weekend, and "every day is Derby Day." While he was still a junior at Notre Dame, a "bachelor millionaire" named Abe Samuels introduced Paul to the chorus line at Chicago's Chez Paree. After he turned pro, a pinball-machine operator named Bar-



AUTOBIOGRAPHER HORNUNG
Straight from the sensuous lips.

ney Shapiro staked him to a Las Vegas trip and handled his weekly bets (up to \$300) on pro football games. When Paul was suspended in 1963 for gambling, Governor Endicott Peabody of Massachusetts made a speech in his behalf. Wisconsin's Senator Alexander Wiley did his best to get Paul deferred from the Army, and when that failed, President Kennedy intervened to get him a pass so that he could play in the 1961 championship game against the New York Giants. Paul scored 19 points in that game and won a Corvette for his performance. "If John F. Kennedy hadn't made the call he had," Hornung writes, "I wouldn't have played and wouldn't have won a \$5,000 automobile. . . I loved that man."

To say nothing of girls—hundreds and hundreds of them, or so he says, all catalogued and cross-filed in Bachelor Hornung's library of little black books. Paul's appeal is obvious. "I have curly blond hair," he writes, "and someone described me as having 'clear blue eyes, dimpled chin, and sensuous lips.'"

To hear Paul tell it, he can scarcely fend off the swarms of adoring females. At Notre Dame, a strange girl once smuggled herself into his dormitory room. Another practically attacked him on the Parker bench, smack in the middle of a ball game. His basic taste in "fiancées" (he calls them all that) is pretty well defined. They should be "tall and beautiful," and they should know who Khrushchev is. He once threw over a Hollywood starlet who didn't. Lately, he says he has been concentrating on foreign girls, because "they don't like to talk. They just like to be with you. When you light their cigarette, they light yours."

Relieved of Duty. Hornung tries not to let his extracurricular activities get in the way of his work. For one thing, he cannot afford to: Packers Coach Vince Lombardi already has fined him several times, twice for the amount of \$500. For another, his work has not been going too well lately. After a 1964 season in which he missed 26 out of 38 field goal attempts, he has been relieved of his kicking duties. So far this year, he has scored only 18 points—a long way from his N.F.L. season record of 176.

Those little things do not keep him awake at night. "A lot of people have said about me," Paul Hornung was born to be a winner. No matter what happens, things will always turn out right for Golden Boy."

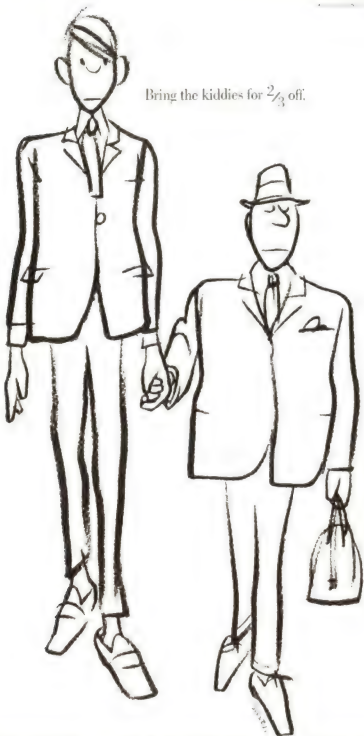
SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Fred Lorenzen, 30: the accident-married, \$65,000 National 400 auto race, averaging 119 m.p.h. in his 1965 Ford; at Charlotte, N.C. A five-car pile-up on the first lap cost the life of Driver Harold Kite, and only 18 of the 44 starters were still around at the end. Lorenzen made his move on the 216th lap (out of 267), dueling bumper to bumper for the next 45 laps with A. J. Foyt, took the lead for keeps when Foyt clipped the wall at 125 m.p.h.—only nine miles from the finish.

► Michigan State: a 14-10 victory over Purdue, in a Rose-Bowl-or-bust battle between the last unbeaten teams still left in the once-mighty Big Ten. Purdue Quarterback Bob Griese passed for one touchdown and kicked a field goal, and the No. 2-ranked Spartans trailed 10-0 going into the final quarter. Then they marched 50 yds. for one TD, 60 yds. for another, won their sixth straight victory of the season. Notre Dame's only problem was containing Southern California's Mike Garrett, who had gained 170 yds. per game. Problem? Garrett got only 7 yds. in the first half, and Notre Dame won 28-7. Princeton annihilated Penn 51-0 to run its winning streak to 14 in a row, but other scores smacked more of soccer than football. Examples: Northwestern 9, Iowa 0; Washington State 8, Indiana 7; Southern Mississippi 3, Auburn 0; Clemson 3, Texas Christian 0.

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RELIGION

THEOLOGIANS

A Man of Ultimate Concern

"Death," Paul Tillich once wrote, "has become powerful in our time, in individual human beings, in families, in nations . . . But death is given no power over love. Love is stronger. It creates something new out of the destruction caused by death." This message of love is hardly original; it is as old as Christianity—and older. But Tillich asserted it in new ways that were particularly meaningful to his age. He considered himself a Christian theologian; because he was so unorthodox, some preferred to think of him as a philoso-

problems. "To do this," says Dean Gerald Brauer of the Chicago University Divinity School, "he had to live on the boundary between the profane and the holy."

God Is Dead. Paulus Johannes Tillich's long life on that embattled border shaped his thought. He grew up in that far-off 19th century world where stability and security were taken as a matter of course. His father was a stern Lutheran minister in a small town in northern Germany called Schönfliess; his mother had been a schoolteacher from the *gemütlich* Rhineland. Little Paul, who later remembered encountering the conception of the Infinite at the

ing theology and philosophy at various universities.

Then came the world's next shock—Hitler. Tillich spoke out against the Nazis and was fired from the University of Frankfurt, the first non-Jewish professor to lose his job. He was offered a post at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary by Reinhold Niebuhr, who had been impressed by some of his writings on religious socialism. Tillich was 47. He spoke practically no English. But he decided to go.

Of Real Life. His lectures at Union were practically incomprehensible at first; to his young American students his thought seemed as turbid as his accent, and their reaction was described by one of them as "respectful mystification." But by the time young America began its great postwar surge of cultural curiosity and self-questioning, Paul Tillich was ready to play an important part in it. For the young and not so young men who came from the foxholes and the fighter-bombers to study at Union for every kind of Protestant ministry, he became the major intellectual pivot of the seminary. After his retirement at 68, he went to Harvard as a University Professor; in that free-ranging post, he consistently filled the largest lecture halls with undergraduates who relished his openness to their questions and challenges from real life.

Real life was Tillich's theological specialty. However thorny his thinking, it always took off from the human situation—in this sense, Tillich was an existentialist philosopher. He differed in this respect from many other theologians, such as Switzerland's Karl Barth, who considers Biblical revelation as having been "thrown" at man—take it or leave it—by God. Tillich's key to salvation is courage—"the courage to be" in the face of the dread possibilities of nonbeing, of life's uncertainties and ambiguities. God for him is no superman in the sky, but the "ground of being," the "ultimate concern." Sin is estrangement from union with God. His theological terms may be Teutonically cumbersome, but they are derived from the suffering and striving of the individual in life on earth.

Easement in Idolatries. Tillich published a dozen "popular" books during his years in America, including *The Protestant Era*, *The Courage to Be* and *The New Being*. In them, the same themes recur again and again: man's estrangement from God, his anxiety, and his attempt to find easement in "idolatries" such as status, sex, nationalism, Communism, or even the church. Against idolatry Tillich invoked what he called "the Protestant Principle," which maintains that no human institution, being conditional, can speak for the unconditional divinity. Every Yes has a No attached to it, and no truth of faith is ultimate "except the one that no man possesses it."

Another important Tillich tenet is that such potent terms as God, Christ,



TILlich TEACHING AT CHICAGO
Love is stronger than death.

pher. Beyond either, he was a loving, thinking man who managed, in the 79 years that he lived, to encompass with his mind and heart an extraordinary range of the shocks and searchings of an extraordinary period of history. When Paul Tillich died after a heart attack last week at the University of Chicago's Billings Hospital, there was no doubt that his work would stand as one of the religious landmarks of his time.

He had not only the deep respect of his fellow professionals, but his name was better known to laymen than that of any other contemporary theologian. Students crowded his lectures, and paperback editions of his books sold in the hundreds of thousands. Intellectually ambitious housewives learned from him about the "ambiguities" in their lives, and cocktail parties rang with Tillichian talk about "idolatry" and "ultimate concern." Even though his theories were only dimly understood by many laymen, there was good reason for their appeal, for Tillich tirelessly tried to relate theology to contemporary

age of eight, decided at 16 that philosophy was his field and the Evangelical Lutheran ministry was the gateway to it.

The cataclysm of World War I shattered the 29-year-old chaplain's classical philosophy; walking among the dead and dying at the Battle of Champagne in 1915, he lost his belief that man could ever know the essence of his being. Nietzsche's proclamation that "God is dead" tolled like a bell in his mind. "I changed from an idealist to a tragic realist," he said.

Tillich had felt the full impact of the holocaust that ushered in the modern world; now in the postwar years he joined in the fun and ferment with which that world began. Amid the night life of gay Berlin, he met and courted handsome Hannah Werner, and they were married in 1924. In daylight hours, he and a group of fellow intellectuals talked out a blueprint for the emancipated future; "religious socialism" was what they called it. For the next decade, Tillich cultivated his vineyard—writing and lecturing, teach-



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Resurrection are symbols that should not be mistaken for the unknowable things for which they stand—a distinction that sometimes led him into such odd locations as "The God above God." On this score, he was the despair of the orthodox, who always wanted to know whether he thought that the tomb was really empty on that first Easter morning. When Pope Pius XII defined the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's bodily assumption into Heaven, one eminent Jesuit friend of Tillich's was looking forward to having a lively argument with him on the subject. "But Paul said he saw no difficulty with the doctrine whatsoever," he reported furiously. "When every doctrine is a symbol, it all evaporates into thin air!"

Questions & Answers. Tillich's major and far-from-airy legacy is his ponderous, three-volume *Systematic Theology*. Its structure is what Tillich called a "correlation"—the correlation, that is, of human questions and theological answers. The first volume deals with Being—man's estranged actual nature—to which the theological answer is God. The second volume deals with Existence—the strained situation in which man lives—to which the annealing answers are found in Christ. The third volume is devoted to two existential-theological pairings: Life and the Spirit, History and the Kingdom of God.

The ambiguities of life, said Tillich, can be partially resolved by the Spirit—the spiritual community that exists both inside and outside the churches and may even include atheists and pagans. But the only complete solution is the end of history and the triumph of God's Kingdom.

Going Too Far. Tillich had many untheological interests, notably art, psychoanalysis and science. Three years ago, Paul and Hannah Tillich moved to the University of Chicago, where he was the John Nuveen Professor of Theology at the Divinity School. Summers they spent, as they had for more than 20 years, at East Hampton, Long Island, near the seashore that Tillich always loved. His unpretentious dignity and gentle warmth made friends and admirers for him wherever he moved—but in recent years the seminarians and younger theologians have not been reading him as they used to. More fashionable these days are Bultmann and Bonhoeffer; coming up fast are the "Death of God" theologians (TIME, Oct. 22), whose abandonment of even a symbolic view of God seemed to Tillich to be going too far.

They do, however, pay tribute to Tillich. Said one of the movement's main figures, Emory University's Thomas J. J. Altizer, when he heard of Tillich's death: "I think he has been the only theologian who has made possible theological thinking in a contemporary and realistic way in our history. He was the only one with courage enough to face the secular consciousness and society of the 20th century."



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THE THEATER

Amateur Night

Danton's Death, by Georg Buechner. Physically, the Vivian Beaumont Theater, the Lincoln Center Repertory's new home, is resplendent (see SHOW BUSINESS). Financially, this theater company is the richest in the U.S. Dramatically, it is bankrupt. Under its new directors, Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, Lincoln Center begins its third season by putting together another of a seemingly endless series of dramatic muddies.

Georg Buechner was an angry young German of the early 19th century. He was 21 when he wrote this play, and only 23 when he died. If he were alive today, he would presumably burn his draft card and spare the drama.

Danton's Death is Buechner's stab at planting Hamlet in the middle of the French Revolution. Compared with Buechner's hero, Shakespeare's is a prince of action and a man of few words. Buechner's straw man is a compulsive blabbermouth who would rather rant than fight. The play is a petrified forest of conflicting themes. It can be variously regarded as a study in revolutionary disillusionment, an attack on revolutionary fanaticism or a defense of revolutionary intransigence. Danton can be seen as victim or traitor, Robespierre as scourge or hero, or both as merely hapless puppets in the lock-step march of historical determinism.

Any one of these themes might have stung the play into fitful life if it were not smothered in rhetoric. Danton inhales moral smog and exhales bombast. Herbert Blau is credited with translating the German; he has assuredly embalmed the English. Thanks to Blau, Robespierre has been given an outward resemblance to Barry Goldwater. This is a political subtlety fully worthy of the mentality that—in a since-deleted program note—linked Lyndon B. Johnson and Mao Tse-tung as fellow tyrants. Thanks to Blau, too, the direction resembles a wind machine blowing actors around like autumn leaves.

The cast could handle a senior-class play. Instead of drawing from the pool of New York's unparalleled acting talent, Lincoln Center has chosen to import too many of the San Francisco minor-leaguers of Irving-cum-Blau. All this grandiose amateur night lacks is the famous gong of Major Bowes.

Please Don't Pick on Daisy

On a *Clear Day You Can See Forever*. For 31 years Alan Jay Lerner worked and reworked this show, and finally his drafting board has been set to music. What he has proved is that he is the sort of writer who needs a writer. When he leaned on Bernard Shaw, he produced the book for the musical masterpiece *My Fair Lady*. With the late T. H. White to guide his pen, he wrote the passable *Camelot*. His

unseen ally this time is John L. Balderson, who wrote *Berkeley Square* in 1929, and Balderson was apparently not meant for the ages.

Berkeley Square trundles a young American back in time from 1928 to 1784, when he falls hopelessly in love with an impoverished girl of the English nobility. *Clear Day* puts a kooky American girl named Daisy Gamble (Barbara Harris) into a hypnotic trance and transports her back to 1794, when she was the bride of the rakish Edward Moncrief, and was destined to drown in the shipwreck of the *Trelawny*. With this paleo-romantic gluc, Lerner tries to stick together a libretto incongruously torn between the pseudo science



BARBARA HARRIS
Frogleaping Freud.

of extrasensory perception and the pseudo metaphysics of reincarnation.

What the show is blessed with is Barbara Harris, a versatile, beguiling imp of a clown. She can fumble a cigarette between her teeth like a crazed nicotine addict and fire off machine-gun bursts of smoke. She can walk as if her body were an afterthought, or collapse in a chair like a punctured accordion. She can chew grammar like bubble gum, or make English ring with the elegance of George III's crystal.

It is easy to see why she fascinates a daring young psychiatrist (John Culum) who wants to frog-leap Freud into the mental future. After all, she knows his phone is ringing before it rings, and she can grow plants faster than Jack's beanstalk by singing nicely to them. She sings nicely to the audience, too, especially in Burton Lane's best song, *What Did I Have That I Don't Have?*, a wistful identity query in which Daisy wonders why the good doctor dotes on

her 18th century self. In other numbers, Lane's score improves Lerner's book by ignoring it. A totally extraneous injection of vitality is supplied by Greek actor Titos Vantis who comes on in Act II as an Onassis-like character and changes with delightful inconsistency into Zorba the Greek. The lust for lust is a trifle self-conscious in a big, scurrying Herbert Ross dance (*At the Hell-rakers*) in which girls are hustled across the stage like silhouettes in a military class for aircraft recognition. Robert Lewis has directed the entire enterprise as if he were killing time, which in the case of *Clear Day* is redundant.

There is always Barbara Harris to console the playgoer. But who is to console Barbara Harris?

Mothball Melodrama

The Right Honourable Gentleman, by Michael Dyne. They don't write plays like this any more. Thank goodness. *Gentleman* is a neo-relict from the moth-balled fleet of melodramas that Shaw laid to rest when he attacked the theater of genteel piffle. Those hygone plays were Victorian clutched-handkerchief-and-smelling-salts operas. With more calculation than wit, Playwright Dyne drapes sex in bombazine, drops gossip in pear-shaped tones, dredges up his plot from an actual 1885 scandal, and clearly depends on fresh memories of the Profumo affair to titillate his audience and breathe secondhand life into his play.

Sir Charles Dilke (Charles D. Gray) is an eminent Liberal Party politician with excellent prospects of entering Gladstone's Cabinet. He is also a man with an indecorous sexual past. A young Mrs. Crawford (Sarah Badel), anxious to free herself from a disastrous marriage, arms her impotent husband with the information that she has not only committed adultery with Dilke but has also been his partner in more orgiastic antics. Though possibly innocent of wrongdoing with Mrs. Crawford, Sir Charles dare not defend his name, since he is guilty of a previous liaison with her mother (Coral Browne). The Crawford divorce case shakes England and blights Dilke's career.

It scarcely matters how closely Dyne sticks to the historical record, since he remains resolutely distant from life. His stage tactic is to open his characters' mail in public, as it were, but never to disclose their hearts, minds and motives. Acting with urbane finesse, the cast can probe no deeper than its period costumes. The players enunciate all too perfectly some of the woolliest period dialogue of recent seasons. Item: "God, how can I silence this monstrous woman?" Item: "But you betrayed something in me. [soulful pause] deep, deep in me." Double item: Husband—"Have you defiled my bed?" Wife [tinkle of silvery laughter]—"Oh Donald, you must be the only man in England who would use such an expression."

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The Sentry man is in the Yellow Pages. Maybe you ought to call him. Join the 76,968 other small businessmen who are getting the benefit of Sentry's *understanding of small business*. You could make a note right now!

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U.S. BUSINESS

PROFITS

New Peaks

For four years, quarter after quarter, businessmen have watched with astonishment as corporate profits climbed in an almost unbroken arc. No one really believed the climb could last that long, and both businessmen and economists several times prematurely blew the whistle on further advances. This year, in particular, many started out by predicting a halt to the gains. Last week, early reports for the third quarter indicated that profits rose to a new postwar peak of close to \$45 billion after taxes. In addition, the return on investment in manufacturing reached its highest level (13.8%) since the Korean War.

Nearly every segment of the nation's business shared in the advance, thanks chiefly to a larger-than-expected third-quarter growth in the total output of U.S. goods and services (\$11 billion v. an anticipated \$9.5 billion). Remarkably, this gain was made without any substantial impetus from the Viet Nam war; military spending now equals only 8.6% of the gross national product, 1% less than three years ago.

The makers of durable goods, such as autos, furniture and machinery, accounted for a large part of the G.N.P. rise, and their profits grew accordingly. Food, chemical and paper producers, as well as many service industries, also showed sturdy gains. As they have for

some time, corporate profits in many cases climbed even faster than sales or the economy in general. Record third-quarter earnings were reported by such giants as Colgate-Palmolive, Socony-Mobil Oil, Dow Chemical, Bank of America, Union Carbide, General Telephone, and Pittsburgh Plate Glass. United Airlines' profits were up 77% from the third quarter of last year, American Can's 29%, Celanese's 21%.

Though no great decline in profits is in sight, just about everyone agrees that the rate of gain is due for adjustment. In the past twelve months, profits have jumped an extraordinary \$7 billion; in the year ahead, the Government expects an increase of only \$2 billion to \$4 billion. One reason: the end of the buildup of steel inventories, which has already pushed steel output down to 75% of capacity. There is also the possibility that the nation's industries, now operating at well over 90% of capacity, will be pushed into expanding faster than their markets can grow. If that happens—and economists disagree strongly over whether it is likely—operating rates could decline next year and create a squeeze on profits. Or the profit figures, which seem to have a will of their own, could fool everyone again.

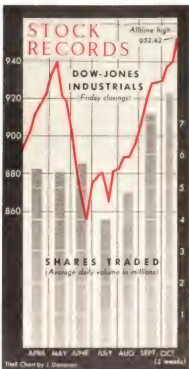
WALL STREET

A New Kind of Bull

It seemed like a different kind of bull—more Ferdinand than Taurus—but it kept Wall Street hopping all week. The Dow-Jones industrial average of 30 blue-chip stocks, which two weeks ago had retreated after briefly cracking its historic May high of 939.62, moved up to new records on five consecutive days. On the final trading day, the average climbed all the way to 959.39 before a flurry of profit-taking drove it back to a 952.42 close. Even so, it was up a strong 11.74 points for the week, the biggest gain in seven weeks. It stood only 47½ points away from that once impossible-looking year-end goal of 1,000.

Even more spectacular than the gain in prices was the week's 43,138,100-share volume, the third highest in New York Stock Exchange history—topped only by the volume of the previous week and of the fateful week of Nov. 2, 1929. For all that, the market was diffident and nervous, tugged at from hour to hour by investors changing their stockholdings for tax reasons, by speculators covering short sales of stock and by customers who kept moving into and out of the low-priced glamour stocks.

Still, many a blue-chip stock, among them IBM, General Electric and General Motors, reached new highs. Though the market had gained 62½ points in the past two months, increasing the chance for a corrective dip. Wall



Street remained determinedly optimistic. Whatever happens to stock prices, trading activity seems to have reached a new high plateau, where commission profits are keeping the brokers happy.

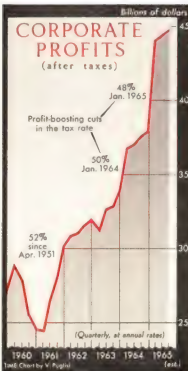
SPACE

Business on the Moon

While most Americans have their eyes fixed on the scheduled flight of Gemini 6 this week, many businessmen are looking even further—to the moon itself and the profits that will be made from lunar exploration. Although the first American will not set foot on the moon until the end of the decade at best, U.S. firms are already preparing the tools and machines that the lunanauts will need when they get there, from a simple hammer to chip rock samples to a trackless train to carry them over the vast, hostile lunar plain.

Gigor-Sized Jets. The first of seven unmanned Surveyors that Hughes Aircraft built at a cost of \$420 million will make a soft landing on the moon early next year, bite into the moon's crust to determine whether it is soft or hard, then use a long-legged TV camera to show observers on earth how deeply it has sunk. After Surveyor reports, Grumman Aircraft's buglike Lunar Excursion Module, for which the company has received a \$400 million contract, is expected to ferry two astronauts from the orbiting Apollo capsule to the U.S.'s first manned landing.

Once on the moon, the explorers will have little time for walking, and the biggest moon market now seems to be



AUTOS

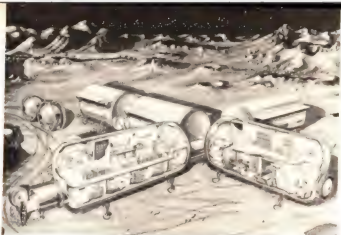
The Indirect Sell

Detroit's Big Four auto companies spend \$385 million a year advertising their cars. They also get a lot of mileage, for much less money, from hidden or indirect promotion efforts designed to keep the cars in full view of potential buyers. The firms compete hotly with each other for almost any promotion—from having their models used on TV shows to supplying cars for celebrities—but the fiercest infighting is to win a favored position with the big rent-a-car agencies. Here, some major changes are occurring. Chrysler has already won the lion's share of the Avis rental business from Ford, and Hertz by year's end will complete a switch that will make Ford rather than Chevrolet the predominant car in its fleet.

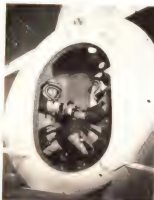
The switches are important because automen believe that each rental car is a rolling showroom for their products. "It's one helluva demonstrator," says Fred C. Zimmerman Jr., general marketing manager for Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division. "There is no salesman riding along, and nobody bothers the guy. The car practically sells itself." The auto companies help pay the costs of any rent-a-car ad that plugs their cars by name; one reason Hertz is switching to Ford is that Chevrolet declined to pay more of mutual advertising costs, while Ford offered to pay a generous half. Rental cars are usually bought through local dealers, but Chrysler supplies them on a leasing basis only, trades them for new cars after just six months to make sure customers never wind up renting a battered Plymouth or an untuned Dodge.

Gone to Press. Detroit has developed dozens of other ways to get potential customers to test-drive its products. The auto companies encourage local dealers (often with a \$400 rebate) to lend new cars to high school driver-training programs, hoping to win the allegiance of teen-agers, also push sales to company car fleets. Lincoln-Mercury executives tour the U.S. to talk about autos to such groups as Rotary Clubs and women's garden clubs, sometimes offer their audiences free use of new Mercurys for a week.

To get their cars before the eyes as well as into the hands of potential customers, the automen keep hundreds of new cars in Hollywood, lend them to studios for a year in return for a guarantee that they will be used in movies and TV shows. A new Lincoln was squeezed into a tiny cube by a giant press in the James Bond movie *Goldfinger*; the villain who arranged the crush-out to get rid of a rival carted off the metal remains in, of all things, a Ford "Ranchero" pickup truck. Chrysler has signed agreements with no less than 17 TV shows to use its cars, among them *Peyton Place*, *Dr. Kildare*, the *Beverly Hillsbillies* and *The Fugitive*. Napoleon Solo escapes Thrush in a



LOCKHEED'S LUNAR LIVING QUARTERS



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Probing for profits on a hostile plain.

in "moonmobiles." TRW Inc. has a \$200,000 study contract for a tiny, cigar-sized jet that would take advantage of the moon's light gravity (one-sixth that of the earth) to send an astronaut vaulting over crater and crag. Boeing and Bendix each have about \$1,500,000 to design a lunar jeep, a snail-paced (5 m.p.h. to 10 m.p.h.), relatively light vehicle for short excursions during the early exploratory trips.

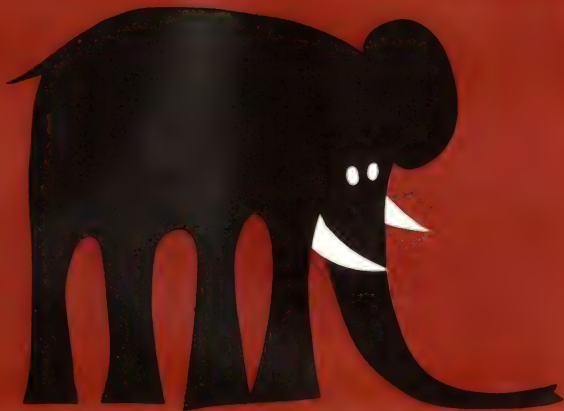
For longer journeys, Bendix and Boeing (with \$800,000 in Government contracts) and Northrop (on its own) have designed balloon-wheeled mobile laboratories that can transport two men 250 miles. General Dynamics is working on a moon train made up of two-wheeled modules that could be linked together to form units of almost any length. General Motors and Bendix have been given about \$400,000 each to build mockups of lunar vehicles. For fast hops—and possibly for emergency rescues—later explorers may have a "moon plane," a two-man flying platform with a range of 30 miles; the Government has already given design contracts to Bell Aerosystems (\$550,000), TRW Inc. (\$106,000) and Westinghouse (\$534,000).

The Starting Point. The moon business only begins with transportation. Martin Marietta has a \$90,000 contract to create a drill to explore 10 ft. below the lunar surface, Westinghouse

and Northrop more than \$500,000 each for a 100-ft. drill. Ralph Stone & Co. of Los Angeles is spending \$100,000 to develop vacuum containers to carry rock samples back to earth. Under an \$888,000 contract, Martin is also making lunar tools, including a lightweight geological hammer, a hand lens and a scale to weigh rocks in the light gravity. Westinghouse is spending \$4,800,000 to make tiny TV cameras to transmit live pictures of exploration back to earth. To shelter the moon explorers, Lockheed is planning surface living quarters in sausage-shaped tanks, and General Electric is working on an extensive underground base that would be blasted out of the moon's depths.

When President Kennedy set the moon journey as a national goal in 1961, the cost was estimated at \$20 billion; the estimate is now \$40 billion. Though the contracts tend to be fairly small at this stage, businessmen expect the cost of exploration on the moon to rise to similarly huge proportions. "Getting there will only be the starting point," says Martin Executive C. A. Harrison. And the first starting point at that, G.E. already has on its drawing boards an unmanned Mars explorer, and Boston's GCA Corp., with \$1,700,000 from the Government, is even now trying to determine what the weather will be like on Mars, Venus and Jupiter.

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Dodge: Efreim Zimbalist Jr. tools around on FBI business in a Mustang.

Image Rub-Off. In search of what they call "image rub-off," dealers lend cars for local parades, but Detroit usually steps in when the occasion or the person is big enough. Miss America rides in an Oldsmobile, Miss Teen-Age America in a Mercury and Miss Junior Miss in a Chevrolet, all donated by the companies. During their visit to the U.S. in November, Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon will have the free use of a Chrysler Imperial. For the Pope's recent journey to New York City, Ford supplied a custom-built bubbletop and 14 other Lincolns.

Giveaways provide Detroit with another opportunity. In current contests, for example, *Citro* is offering a Mustang, and Tetley Tea and Purina Dog Chow are offering Pontiacs as prizes. Thom McAn is introducing a new shoe named GTO, will give away 20 Pontiac GTOs and carry splashy signs in its 850 stores showing pictures of the car as well as the shoe.

RAILROADS

The Long Courtship

The highbidding trend to mergers has made U.S. railroads—and their stocks—more interesting than at any time in years. One sign: in its third record-breaking week in a row, the Dow-Jones railroad index last week rose to an all-time high of 236.93. Yet it often seems to take the courting railroads an unconscionably long time between their announced intention and the actual merger. No fewer than eleven mergers involving some 30 U.S. railroads are now pending, including the linking of the Pennsylvania and New York Central, and some of them have been held in suspense for as long as eight years. Why the long engagements?

One answer came last week as the Interstate Commerce Commission heard final arguments in Washington about the Penn-Central union. The Justice Department, which believes that the merger would create an unhealthy monopoly, asked the ICC to reject the proposal completely or, at the very least, to delay it for 18 months. Three smaller railroads, which would be left out of the merger, pleaded for a similar delay, complaining bitterly that an early marriage of the two goliaths would ruin their own bargaining attempts to join up with the Norfolk & Western.

Obstacles & Opposition. The very logic of mergers—reduced costs and greater efficiency by ending duplication—draws fire from practically every group that has an interest in traditional patterns. Besides the Justice Department and outraged competitors, the list includes labor unions that will lose jobs, communities that will lose revenues and vital services, stockholders who fear a watering-down of their shares, even executives who feel that they may be lost in a reshuffle.

Because railroads generally use fairly

standard equipment, the physical barriers to merger are often not as great as they seem. Stuart T. Saunders, chairman of the Pennsy and chairman-designate of the proposed Penn-Central, believes that union of the two giants can be accomplished in 60 days, with only a few changes in switching yards.

Other barriers are harder to hurdle. The Penn-Central merger, first announced in 1957, was held up for three years while Central President Alfred Perlman worked to upgrade his line and put it into a better bargaining position with the larger Pennsy. Result: when agreement with the Pennsy finally came in 1962, Central stockholders were assigned 1.3 shares of the new line. Pennsy stockholders only one. Advantageous though the delay was to Central, it has already cost, by conservative estimate, \$240 million in potential savings—and will cost a lot more be-



PENNSY'S SAUNDERS & CENTRAL'S PERLMAN
A \$240 million delay already.

fore the ICC makes its final decision, expected in early 1966. The ICC has on several occasions overruled Justice Department objections to approve rail mergers.

Ponderous Deliberations. Railroad men tend to blame lengthy merger proceedings on the ponderous deliberations of the ICC and the federal courts, a process that can take upwards of five years. In its defense, the ICC cites the enormous complications of amalgamation. ICC Commissioner Kenneth H. Tuggle points out that railroad mergers involve hundreds of millions of dollars and can determine the economic development of a region for decades to come. Says he: "It takes time to listen to the grain people, the milling companies, the commuters, the mayors of cities, the Governors."

Whatever their cause, the delays pose the question of whether a lot of merger talk is just that—talk, perhaps meant only to run up a railway's shares. "It's bad for the public to have the process take so long," complains Prime F. Osborn III, a vice president and general counsel of Atlantic Coast Line. After

his line won ICC approval for a merger with the Seaboard Air Line, it was turned down by the courts, is now pending in appeal before the Supreme Court. Osborn figures that the two lines—which would form the South's second biggest railway system—are being hurt to the extent of \$38 million a year in potential savings. He has a railway man's simple solution for speeding up the merger process: a strict timetable that would limit both the length of the ICC's deliberation and the time a case would spend in the courts.

CORPORATIONS

Putting Facts Together

To stock analysts, economists and businessmen, Standard & Poor's yellow financial reports on 1,800 U.S. corporations are as familiar as the daily newspapers. S. & P. is so thorough that it even turns out a report on S. & P., modestly describing itself as "one of the leading organizations in the U.S. publishing financial information and advice and providing investment counseling services." Last week S. & P. President Frederick A. Stahl announced that his company will merge with McGraw-Hill, the largest U.S. publisher of trade journals and technical books, in a combine that will greatly expand McGraw-Hill's position in the mushrooming technical information market. Said Stahl: "We both provide services, we in the financial field, they in the industrial field. As such, we can each gain from the other."

Some 49 trade journals, from *Business Week* and *Product Engineering* to *Today's Secretary* and *Nursing Home Administrator*, still provide nearly half of McGraw-Hill's revenues (\$193 million last year). But its information services and book-publishing divisions have been growing much faster than the magazines. The company's sales of information—consisting chiefly of news and marketing reports for the construction, oil, and nuclear industries—are almost ten times what they were in 1955. With the acquisition of S. & P., McGraw-Hill's information sales will rise another 70%.

Besides its yellow reports, S. & P. publishes 25 other advisory and factual publications for brokers and investors, maintains investment counseling offices in five major cities, lists a daily average of 500 stock prices. Its sales in fiscal 1965 were \$22 million. Under the merger agreement, which must be ratified by the boards and stockholders of both companies, S. & P.'s shareholders will be paid upwards of \$50 million in McGraw-Hill stock, which sold last week at 49½ a share. McGraw-Hill plans no major changes in S. & P.'s operations. "You don't take a sound, successful business like Standard & Poor's and tamper with it," says Executive Vice President Robert Slaughter. As an institution in the financial world, S. & P. will retain its own offices in Wall Street, continue to issue its financial reports under its own name.



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Felix E. Schelling, "Pedagogically Speaking," 1929.
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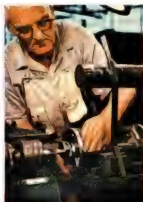
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WORLD BUSINESS

ASIA

A Lift out of the Morass

In the soft light and air-conditioned comfort of the Sala Santhitum (Peace Hall) in Bangkok's United Nations Building, Indians smiled at Pakistanis, Nationalist Chinese hobnobbed with Russians, and Cambodian delegates rubbed shoulders with their recent Thai enemies. The French, as is their growing custom where international cooperation is involved, stayed away—and so, of course, did the Chinese Communists. But 28 nations sent delegates, including a 14-member U.S. team led by Assistant Treasury Secretary Merlyn N. Trued and—remarkably—a high-ranking, five-man delegation from the Soviet Union. All of them came to Bangkok last week to set up a \$1 billion Asian Development Bank to help lift Asia from its morass of poverty. Its purpose: to finance such economic necessities as power, ports, railroads, water supply and industry.

Undecided Russians. The bank, which will be a regional version of the World Bank, will start off with modest aims, considering the problems that Asia faces. It will make only businesslike loans (for 20 to 25 years at 5½%), thus placing beyond its range such grand designs as President Johnson's proposal that the Mekong River be transformed into an Asian TVA project. The bank's capital will be chiefly in hard currencies supplied by governments. Most of the money has already been pledged: \$200 million each from the U.S. (subject to congressional approval) and Japan, \$100 million jointly from Australia and New Zealand, \$300 million from 20

Asian nations and \$100 million from Europe. The Soviet Union has not yet decided whether it will join (it suffers from a shortage of hard currencies, which it has been using to buy wheat), so far has contributed nothing to the project.

Unique among postwar efforts to aid the world's poor, the new bank—a brainchild of the U.N.'s Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East—was inspired largely by Asians themselves. In contrast to the U.S.-led World Bank and the U.S.-dominated Inter-American Bank, it will be run largely by Asians. At Bangkok this week and next, the sponsoring nations are expected to decide how the organization will be set up and where it will be located, thus paving the way for a ministerial meeting to be held Nov. 29 in Manila to sign the charter. If the governments involved ratify the treaty this winter as expected, the bank should begin operating by mid-1966.

Aid Gap. The Asian Bank is taking shape at a time when development aid to the world's needy countries is falling steadily behind their needs. Despite rising prosperity in the U.S. and Europe, the flow of aid from these sources has remained static since 1961 at \$9 billion a year, now amounts to a trifling .9% of the developed nations' total output of goods and services. Last week Lyndon Johnson signed a comparatively modest \$3.2 billion foreign-aid appropriation, but the U.S. still carries more than its share of aid. Despite nudging from Washington, Europe has been slow to pick up its part of the burden.

The world's poor countries, whose population growth is now more than twice as rapid as the growth of their economies, need an extra \$3 billion to \$4 billion a year in aid to keep them from growing poorer still. Unless this

aid gap is quickly narrowed, warns World Bank President George Woods, the world faces "a heartbreaking slowdown in economic development and even in international trade." The Asian Bank is only a start at alleviating that threat. Nonetheless, it is a significant self-help step.

BRITAIN

From Tea to Tease

During the lively late show at London's newest nightclub, underdressed chorus girls grind in the naughtiest Memphis manner while patrons dine on smoked salmon and chicken à la Maryland. Called "Showboat" and located in the Strand, the club is so popular that it is booked solid on weekends through New Year's. The most extraordinary fact about it, however, is its owner: London's J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., known to Britons for years as the conservative proprietor of 170 staid, gold-and-white-fronted teahouses scattered through their country.

1,000,000 Bottles. The new nightclub is the most startling evidence yet of Lyons' efforts to change the image it has had ever since the 1890s. Noting the difficulty of getting light refreshment in London anywhere except in pubs, three tobacco merchants—Brothers Montague and Isidore Gluckstein and Brother-in-law Barnett Salmon—set up a teashop to give women shoppers a quiet, inexpensive place to lunch. The idea caught on, and the Lyons teashops, named for a relative and staffed by "Nippies" in ankle-length black dresses and frilly white caps, spread quickly. Twelve Salmon and Gluckstein descendants now run the company under the leadership of Sir Samuel Salmon, 65, who likes to pop in unexpectedly to test the food (mass-produced but whole-



LONDON TEASHOP



LYONS' NIGHTCLUB IN THE STRAND
Beyond snappy "Nippies," new cups to fill.

some) and the service (usually snappy) in his restaurants.

Lyons runs 29 other restaurants in addition to the teahouses, calls itself the world's largest caterer because it serves 3,500,000 meals each week for such clients as Buckingham Palace and Wimbledon. Yet food service now accounts for only 25% of its business, which is now well over \$200 million yearly. Lyons started processing its own food to ensure quality for its restaurants, has gone on to become one of Britain's biggest food producers. It dominates the British bakery field with its 14 bakeries, is winning an increasingly large part of the ice cream market. The firm also markets soft drinks, stores a million bottles of wine in a cellar beneath Southwark, runs five hotels and a 1,000-car parking garage under Hyde Park.

Golden Eggs. In an effort to keep growing in Britain's fiercely competitive food industry, Lyons is looking for new palates to please. It has popularized the hamburger in Britain through a chain of 375 franchised Wimpy stands, has also started up Wimpy on the Continent, where the chain is growing fast. Earlier this year, Lyons merged a subsidiary with Golden Egg restaurants, a London-based quick-order chain, and they plan to open at least 30 new restaurants together. Lyons already sells daily a million cups of tea brewed with leaves from its 1,700-acre plantation in Malawi, but it is aware that coffee is becoming more popular among the English. To get in on that market, it recently formed a new company with Manhattan's Chock Full O' Nuts Corp. to sell instant coffee in both Britain and Europe.

Gas War Casualty

Britain trails only the U.S. and Canada as a gasoline consumer, a fact that should delight its 13 major oil companies. It does not. In trying to set up the new service stations they need in order to compete, the companies are running into soaring land prices, a tangle of zoning laws and the threat of government control over the number of stations they can own. Dozens of small independents have sprung up to plague the majors, buying gas cheaply from Continental refineries and then undercutting prices. Britain has been witnessing a cutthroat gas war for months, and last week it chalked up the first major casualty. Italy's state-owned ENI oil combine sold to British Esso its chain of 73 British stations and 40 new sites.

The British branch of ENI, called AGIP (Great Britain) Ltd., was launched four years ago by the late Enrico Mattei, ENI's aggressive boss. Alert to the British potential and anxious to bite into the home market of British oil companies (which then controlled 25% of Italian sales), Mattei opened the biggest, neatest stations that Britain had ever seen. He intended to add a refinery, but his deal to build one fell through. AGIP ran into increasing competition,



ROYING "PIRATE" PETROL STATION IN KENT
Un buonissimo affare despite Whoosh and Zoom.

hegan to lose money. ENI Boss Eugenio Cefis, who took over after Mattei died in an airplane crash three years ago, decided to "redimension" the over-extended oil empire.

A feeler from Cefis was snapped up by Esso, which ranks third in Britain and was delighted to add AGIP to its 8,000-station chain. Esso agreed to pay \$11 million for the chain, a sum that gave ENI a modest overall profit on its investment and last week earned Cefis the compliments of Italian businessmen for consummating *un buonissimo affare*. Besides removing one of Esso's competitors and restoring the chain to private enterprise, the deal also gives Esso precious locations that it can utilize in its battle with leading British Petroleum and Shell.

The gas war is still far from over. Independent gas suppliers are growing increasingly aggressive; some of them push their products by using beautiful girls as station-to-station salesmen. "Pirate tankers"—large tanker trucks with two full-sized petrol pumps attached to the rear—now tour main roads to sell motorists cut-rate gas as they speed to work or sporting events. Roadside operators have also begun to buy "distress lots" of ungraded gas and sell it cheaply under such names as "Zoom" and "Whoosh." Some of it is only 60 octane, hardly enough to run a sewing machine—but the British motorist seems unable to resist a bargain.

AVIATION

What Is a Life Worth?

An average of 1,000 people around the world are killed in commercial airline crashes each year. Under the 1929 Warsaw Convention, a civil aviation treaty now covering 92 nations, the heirs of those who died on international flights could for many years collect

only a maximum of \$8,291*—unless they could prove willful misconduct. The U.S., whose citizens are the world's most frequent and most affluent air travelers, has for years considered this figure ridiculously low. Even after 45 of the Warsaw signers agreed to double the liability to \$16,582 in 1955, the U.S. felt that the increase was not nearly enough, declined to ratify the new protocol.

Last week, after years of fruitless efforts to have the Warsaw Convention rewritten, the U.S. announced that it will unilaterally denounce the treaty next May unless changes are made. This would leave the heirs of crash victims free to sue in U.S. courts any airline that services the U.S., provided the courts were willing to accept the jurisdiction. Since U.S. withdrawal would both seriously disrupt treaty proceedings and put foreign lines in for a lot of potential trouble, the airlines are anxious to make some adjustment to placate the U.S.

As an alternative to rewriting the Warsaw Convention, the U.S. proposes that the liability limit be raised temporarily to \$75,000, eventually to a permanent ceiling of \$100,000. Seeking a compromise, the International Air Transport Association is polling members who fly into the U.S. on whether they are willing to raise the liability limit to \$50,000; early returns indicate that they are. In practice, the final sums won by the heirs of crash victims might well be less than that. Court settlements of crash claims against domestic U.S. airlines, to which the Warsaw Convention does not apply, have averaged \$25,281 over a ten-year period.

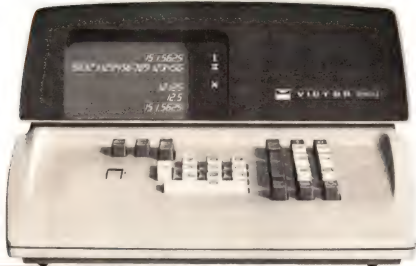
*The equivalent of 125,000 French francs of 1929, which was the treaty's formal money unit. The limit was intentionally set low to aid airlines that were then new and struggling.

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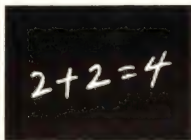
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MILESTONES

Born. To Jayne Mansfield, 32, full-time exhibitionist, sometime movie actress (the upcoming *Fat Spy*), and Matt Cimber, 29, her third husband and manager: her fifth child, their first, a son; in Hollywood.

Born. To Sam Mele, 43, the American League's Manager of the Year for taking the Minnesota Twins to the top, and Mary Clemens Mele, 35: their fifth child, second son; in Quincy, Mass.

Married. Christine Keeler, 23, red-headed call girl, whose 1963 stories of life among London's toffs led to the resignation of her occasional lover, Tory War Minister John Profumo, and the suicide of her protector, Osteopath Stephen Ward; and Engineer James Leathermore, 24; in Reading, England.

Married. Peter Hall, 34, director of Britain's Royal Shakespeare Theatre; and Jacqueline Taylor, 29, his secretary; he for the second time; in Stratford on Avon, England.

Married. Madalyn Murray, 46, Baltimore's professional atheist; and Richard Franklin O'Hair, 52, expatriate artist living in Mexico; both for the second time; in Austin, Texas.

Marriage Revealed. Susan Strasberg, 27, Broadway's once-dazzling Anne Frank (1955) and still-suffering film ingénue (*Kapo*), and Chris Jones, 24, ABC's *Jesse James*; in Las Vegas, on Sept. 25.

Died. Marie McDonald, 42, Hollywood performer and former Tommy Dorsey vocalist built up by press agents as "The Body," who made it big in the tabloids with endless escapades—six marriages, escape from an Australian psychiatric clinic, a suspicious kidnapping; from as yet undetermined causes; in Hidden Hills, Calif.

Died. Enrico Piaggio, 60, Italy's Vespa king, a wartime aircraft manufacturer who revolutionized European road travel with his 1946 development of a low-cost motor scooter that now sells in more than 120 countries; of peritonitis; in Varramista, Italy.

Died. Ernst Hohner, 79, third-generation head of Germany's House of Hohner, producer of 95% of the world's harmonicas, who took over the firm in 1923, added a line of electronic instruments and a music-printing plant, and developed the company town of Trossingen into a tourist favorite known as the "Singing Village"; of heart disease; in Trossingen, Germany.

Died. Paul Tillich, 79, eminent Protestant theologian; following a heart attack; in Chicago (see RELIGION).



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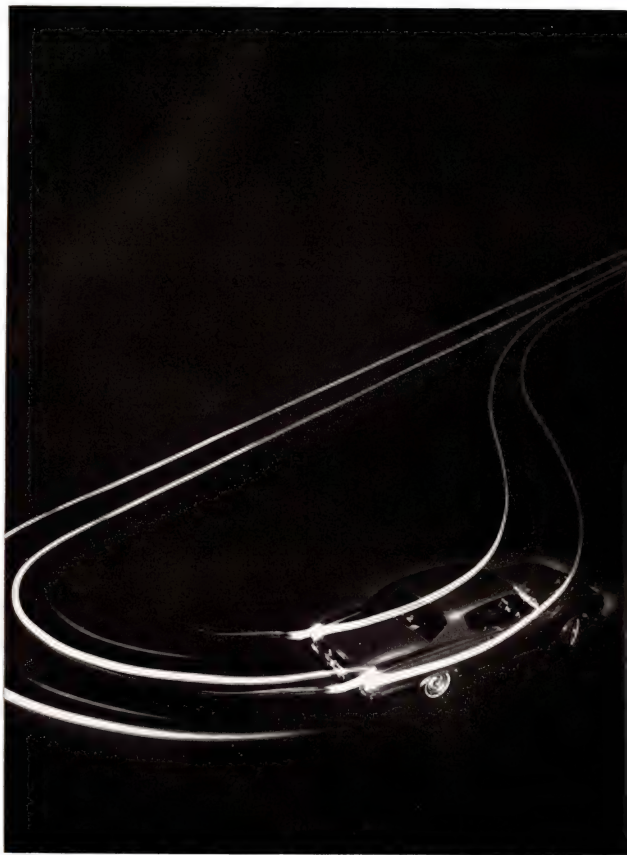
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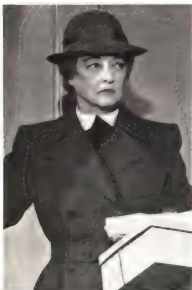
CINEMA

Bette Meets Boy

The Nanny is a small sedate British thriller, based on the assumption that one good squirm deserves another. Having mopped up in three earlier blood-letters, moviedom's Ace Bogeywoman Bette Davis now goes about her grissiness with quiet, unfruffled efficiency. *The Nanny* is her definitive essay on the servant problem, and may be taken as an antidote by those who found Mary Poppins too sweet to stomach.

For this outing, Bette reports in a severe uniform, her brows beetled, her mouth a crumpled rose. Her celebrated ocular choreography is directed mostly toward Joey (craftily played by Movie Newcomer William Dix), an incorrigible ten-year-old who has been sent away for therapy after drowning his little sister in the bath. Though Joey claims he didn't do it, he is the kind of brat whose idea of fun is to practice tying hangman's knots. The lad returns home, alas, with one of his psychoses analyzed as "an inborn antipathy toward middle-aged females." Soon poor beleaguered Nanny has her hands full with the boy's bad manners and withering accusations—and worse. A doll lying face down in the bath water jolts certain members of the household into some creepy flashbacks. Then one day Joey's mother (Wendy Craig) is felled by poison. While she is hospitalized, his shapely aunt (Jill Bennett) moves in, only to succumb rather swiftly to heart failure.

Director Seth Holt predictably but expertly flicks the finger of suspicion from boy to nursemaid and back again, and his choice cast can make even the sillier dialogue sound plausible. Still,



DAVIS AS "NANNY"
Antidote to Poppins.

Nanny's terrors remain doggedly low key, partly because every audience knows too well that an old spook of Bette's stature seldom leaves her dirty work to anyone else.

Man the Pushbuttons!

The Bedford Incident. Assigned to track Soviet submarine movements in the North Atlantic, the destroyer U.S.S. *Bedford* is laden with detecting devices, rocket-booster torpedoes and predatory instincts. "A floating IBM machine," says Medico Martin Balsam, who wishes he were in the Reserves. *Bedford's* crewmen look more like science majors than sea dogs. They don't play poker, they don't go on sick call. Furthermore, Balsam grumbles: "Can you picture any of these guys singing *Anchors Aweigh*?"

Nonetheless, in Scenarist James Poe's gritty adaptation of the cold war thriller by Mark Rascovich, *Bedford* appears to be powered by super-patriotism. Captain Richard Widmark is a right-wing fanatic whose hot head simmers harmlessly ("It's a lot of work being a mean bastard") until his ship sights a Soviet sub prowling territorial waters off Greenland. The captain can scarcely restrain his thirst for the kill as he trails his prey, determined to force the snoopy sub to surface for air and identify itself. The clear thinking is done for the Good Guys by a former German U-boat commander (Eric Portman) on advisory duty, and by a Negro reporter-photographer (Sidney Poitier). The man to watch, though, is a jumpy young officer (James MacArthur) with all that ASOC firepower at his fingertips.

If there is a new way to ignite World War III, Producer-Director James B. Harris ignores it. Plowing steadily along in the wake of *Dr. Strangelove* and *Fail Safe*, his drama is sharpest in its seriocomic side-glances at counterespionage aboard ship. The best scene takes place in sick bay, where diagnosticians earnestly analyze a specimen of floating garbage to see if they can detect Red cabbage, a staple of Soviet submarines. In another cryptic comment on cold war manners, a Russian surface vessel passes to port, simultaneously dipping its colors and dumping refuse over the side. Such cogency is missing from the standard high-megaton finale. Obviously made without the full cooperation of any specific navy, *Incident* emerges at last as its own worst enemy—a timely sea saga that cannot resist turning a treat into a preaching.

Sir Alec the Less

Situation Hopeless—But Not Serious. It is Germany, 1944. Allied bombs are splintering a village, and out of the smoke and rubble steps a helmeted, hesitant air-raid warden named Frick. He is quickly identifiable as Alec Guinness, whose last really funny movie was *The Horse's Mouth* in 1959. Though

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GUINNESS & RAHL IN "HOPELESS"
Shortage of fun.

billed as comedy, *Hopeless* flatly re-establishes that Sir Alec has taken leave of his sense of humor.

The plot, a slapdaption of Actor-Author Robert Shaw's straight-faced novel *The Hiding Place*, gropes for drollery in the plight of two American airmen (Michael Connors and Robert Redford) who arrive in Germany by parachute and seek refuge in Frick's basement bomb shelter.

He finds them there, locks them up, and by the time the war ends the sentimental old wreck has grown so fond of his two prisoners that he decides to keep them as pets. Soberly, he fakes reports from the battle zones ("London is pffft") while the tumult of German reconstruction gets under way outside, sounding conveniently like the thunder of guns.

Five or six years pass. Cats beget kittens, frauleins beget G.I. issue from the Army of Occupation, bad jokes beget worse ones, and Producer-Director Gottfried Reinhardt (whose wife, Silvia, perpetrated the scenario) underscores the ironies by barreling in beer-hall background music. Actor Redford, a winner on Broadway (*Barclay in the Park*), overworks his smooth, stogy comedy style to diminishing effect. Working even harder, Actor Connors curiously resembles those lacquered leading men who proliferated in Hollywood during the '40s while everyone else was away.

However, *Hopeless* rallies when Connors suddenly squawks: "I want a dame!" Soon Sir Alec is off to the local bawdyhouse. His milkop face a mask of maniacal innocence, he joins the Madam (Mady Rahl) on a couch so voluptuous that his feet don't quite reach the floor. Whereupon, he proceeds to terrify the poor jade with his doubletalking request for the services of a young lady who can entertain a couple of eccentric friends in total silence. Such pimping could hardly be improved upon, which shows just how far an unpleasant comedy has to go to find a moment of pure Guinness.

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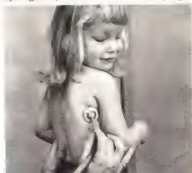
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BOOKS

Pintpot Pan

THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS by Constantine FitzGibbon. 370 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$7.95.

"Is the bloody man dead yet?" cried the distraught wife of Dylan Thomas as he rushed into a Manhattan hospital where the poet lay stricken with a "massive alcoholic insult to the brain." The answer is no. Twelve years after his death, even people who think poetry is what appears on greeting cards have heard the legend that the wild Welsh wonderboy was the greatest lush, lecher, and lyric poet produced in this century by the English-speaking world.

In this careful and eloquent biography, the first full-length portrait of Poet Thomas ever published, Author Constantine FitzGibbon demonstrates with vivid detail that the reality sometimes outdid the legend. As a longtime friend of Dylan's, FitzGibbon is painfully aware of the flaws in his subject's character. Dylan, he says flatly, was a slob, a liar, a moocher, a thief, a two-fisted booze/fighter, a puffy Priapus who regularly assaulted the wives of his best friends, an ex little hedonist who indifferently lived it up while his children went hungry. Yet at the same time, says Friend FitzGibbon, Dylan was generous, kind, charming and stupendously witty, a genius who failed to become a great poet only because he became a great clown.

The Brof. A badly spoiled boy was father to this alarmingly mixed-up man. Dylan was a sickly lad—weak lungs, brittle bones—and FitzGibbon reports that his mother nursed every minor symptom into a major illness. In bed or out, he soon became a brat. He stole candy from the corner store, smoked cigars in the local cinema, spied on the nursemaid while she washed her breasts in a handbasin. However, he was a precocious brat. His father, an English teacher, belittled scenes from Shakespeare at the huge-eyed child while he was still in swaddlings; and when he was eight or nine he began to write poems of his own.

At 16, with his father's consent, Dylan quit school to become a practicing poet, and at 19 he sold his first lines to the London weeklies. Many of them vibrated with a grand organic energy that had not been present in English verse since the Elizabethans.

*The force that through the green fire
drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts the
roots of trees
Is my destroyer.*

Roly-ProleyMarxist. Unhappily, Dylan had histrionic as well as poetic gifts, and they urged him not only to be but to play the poet. Since the poetic image was proletarian at the time (1934), Dylan promptly plunged into the slums of Soho and there tried terribly hard to be a roly-proley Marxist. Though he looked like a choirboy, he argued like a Bolshevik, dressed like a bum, drank like a culvert, smoked like an ad for cancer, bragged that he was addicted to onanism and had committed an indecency with a member of Parliament. He slept with any woman who was willing, subsisted largely on a diet of ice cream sodas mixed with ale instead of seltzer, and all the while belabored the general ear with wild and wonder-



DYLAN THOMAS & WIFE (1938)

Puffy Priapus with wild hwy!

ful hwy!, as the Welsh call eloquence. "Silence is a needle passing through water."

"An alcoholic is somebody you don't like who drinks as much as you do."

"There, all about me, chastely dropping Saccharine tablets into their cups of stewed Thameswater, or poisoning their cigarette holders like blowpipes, or daintily raising a currant bun to the snapping flash of their long, strong teeth, tall and terrible women neighed! women inaccessible as goat crags, their knitted pastel stockings full of old hockey-muscles."

Home to Mother. "Instant Dylan," his friends called such stuff, and Dylan reveled in it. But after a month or two of "the capital punishment," he invariably fell apart and the pieces had to be shipped home to Mother. Back in Wales, he invariably began to write again, and he wrote poems of a formal precision that contrasted almost grotesquely with the formlessness of his

private life. In the fall of 1936 he published his second book (*Twenty-five Poems*), and by Christmas he was the most famous young poet in England. By Christmas he was also eloquently in love with Caitlin Maenamar, a husky, musky young dancer who was living with Painter Augustus John at the time.

Though they hadn't a penny to their wild Celtic names, Dylan and Caitlin were married in 1937, and proceeded to live violently ever after. At first they were violently happy. And why not? Supported entirely by friends and relations, they could afford to go boozing every night and spend several hours the next day patching up their quarrels of the night before. This left Dylan very little time to write, but that seemed to suit him just fine. In 1939 they had a baby, but Caitlin seemed quite willing to leave the child for months at a time with her mother, and Dylan hardly knew it was there. "I suppose," he once murmured vaguely, "it'll grow up to be a homosexual," and went right on enjoying the privileges of genius.

War Change. These were abruptly abridged by the outbreak of war, which Dylan considered an intolerable inconvenience. Since his friends could not support a poet and a war at the same time, Dylan at 27 was forced for the first time in his adult life to take a job. From 1942 to 1945 he wrote documentary-film scripts for the Ministry of Information, and the work involved him in a larger experience of life.

As a poet, Dylan profited from the experience. He abandoned forever his adolescent preference for the arbitrary adjective, the idiosyncratic image and obscurity at all costs. In this period he wrote, in *A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London*, a magnificent war poem ("Deep with the first dead lies London's daughter

After the first death, there is no other"). In 1945, when his father seemed close to death, he composed a resounding defiance of finality:

*Do not go gentle into that good night
Old age should burn and rave at close
of day.*

*Rage, rage against the dying of the
light!*

And in 1947, returning enriched to the themes of his youth, he began to work on the poems that became his masterpieces: a convulsive hymn to sensuality called *In the White Giant's Thigh*, and an almost impossibly beautiful song of innocence and death entitled *Fern Hill*.

*All the sun long it was running, it was
lovely, the bay*

*Fields high as the house, the tunes
from the chimneys, it was all*

*And playing, lovely and waters
And fire green as grass—*

*Oh as I was young and easy in the
mercy of his means,*

*Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like
the sea.*

The Last Act. As a man, however, Dylan failed disastrously to mature. He sucked at his bottle as hard as ever,



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treated his children like sibling rivals and Caitlin like a mother—whereupon Caitlin, who by this time had decided that Dylan was frustrating her literary talents as well as her womanly instincts, screamed like a baby. The house became a bedlam, and tempers did not improve when the wolf once more turned up at the door—in the grim guise of the Treasury, which firmly demanded that Dylan deliver the income taxes he had dodged for years. Something drastic had to be done, and Dylan unfortunately did it. He arranged for the first of his four famous and ultimately fatal lecture tours in the U.S.

Biographer FitzGibbon tactfully underplays the vulgar melodrama that embarrasses the last act in the tragedy of Dylan Thomas: the sniggering arrival in the U.S. ("I am here in pursuit of my lifelong quest for naked women in wet mackintoshes") and the stagy progress from bottle to bottle, bed to bed, that exhausted his forces and the funds his family so desperately needed. FitzGibbon suggests instead what most clucking literati have chosen to ignore: that in the last years of his life this pintpot Pan with the archangelic voice may have done as much for poetry by reciting it as he did by writing it. He was a grubby little man with a beery bulge, a doorknob nose and puppy-dog eyes, but he was visited by grace. His words, his voice kindled fires where no fires were. He renewed the ancient truth that poems are significant not as acrostics but as celebrations. He celebrated always the fundamental experiences: birth, copulation and death. And in his greatest lines he entered the mystery of existence itself and evoked the ecstasy of dissolution in the source of life. He was a matriarchal mystic who delivered verse from the tyranny of the intellect and created a modern poetry of the heart.

When the Walls Shook

THE GREAT MUTINY by James Dugan. 511 pages. Putnam \$6.95.

Britain's war against France was in its fourth year—and France controlled most of Europe. At Brest, the French were assembling a formidable invasion force. In London, King George III, the Admiralty and No. 10 Downing Street did not worry much. What power could possibly breach "the nation's legendary wooden walls," the scourge of the oceans, the British fleet? Then, in the spring of 1797, the wooden walls began to come apart.

James Dugan's fine, wry, if somewhat overlong story re-creates the greatest nass mutiny in maritime history. It began in the Channel fleet stoppering Brest, spread like an infection through the anchorages at Spithead and the Nore, up to the North Sea and down 6,000 miles to ships lying off the Cape of Good Hope. Before it spattered out, the mutineers numbered 50,000, controlled more than 100 vessels, block-

aded London, and laid their country naked to her foes. Dugan's scrupulously unemotional narrative does not conceal his conviction that the mutinous seamen were right and behaved, for the most part, like gentlemen, while the government, for the most part, behaved like mutineers.

Under the Orlop. "A ship," Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked, "is worse than a gaol. There is, in gaol, better air, better company, better convenience of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger." Johnson's opinion, uttered in 1776, was still relevant in 1797. Britain's infamous press gangs roamed the country, seized any able-bodied men that caught their eyes, and flung them



ADMIRAL BUCKNER & MUTINEER PARKER
A seaman's lot was not a happy one.

aboard ships that, Dugan writes, were "not built to fit men; the men were warped to fit the ship." In fact, some of them were. In many a country town, an old sailor was readily identifiable by his severe stoop, the result of spending years in the orlop (overlap) deck, which sometimes offered no more than four feet of headroom.

Seamen were rarely paid and miserably fed. In 1796, His Majesty's government owed the crews \$14 million in back pay, some of it three years overdue. In home port, after months at sea, only the officers set foot on land. Ship's cheese came adulterated with kitchen scourings, rancid fat and glue. Messes began with a ritual tattoo as men banged their biscuits on the table to shake loose the vermin.

Salted Wounds. Seamen's complaints about this hard life were redressed at the yardarm or, if the captain felt merciful, by the cat. One apparently incorrigible tar was flogged eight times in ten months. Sentences of 1,000 lashes were common. The man who survived

hunger hurts

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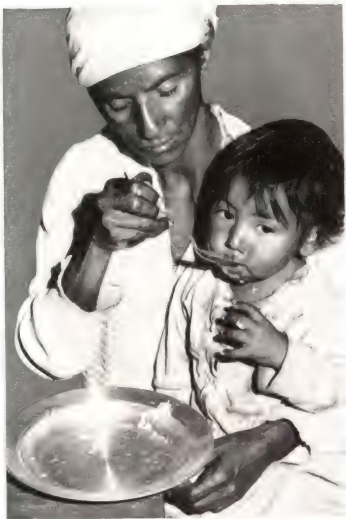
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his flogging got salt—the Royal Navy's antiseptic—to rub on his ribboned back.

It was against such intolerable conditions that the seamen struck. Better pay and decent food, shore leave, protection against brutality—these were among the modest demands of men who continued to show their deposed officers elaborate courtesy and swore unshakable fidelity to the Crown. After token conciliation at Spithead, the government set its chin. In the Nore anchorage at the Thames mouth, a troubled old admiral named Charles Buckner listened with some sympathy to the complaints presented by the elected "president" of the mutineers, Richard Parker, the son of a grain merchant who had once been an officer himself but got cashiered for insubordination. But the Admiralty overrode him, offered only a single term: "unconditional submission."

Lost Resolution. The government's obduracy was backed by a quarantine so effective that not even mail, much less provisions, came aboard the ships. The unity of the Nore began to dissolve; defecting ships cut their lines at night and drifted away; loyalist cells formed in the mutinous crews, and there were bloody fights aboard. By June, the great mutiny was over, a victim of its own irresolution. The Admiralty briskly hanged Parker and 35 other mutineers with a minimum of legal niceties and got back to the wars.

The mutiny achieved results of sorts. In 1806, nine years after it was over, the navy raised an able seaman's pay one shilling a week. In 1808, for the first time in history, British crews received an issue of soap. In 1866, Parliament lowered the ceiling on flogging to 48 strokes, and in 1879 flogging was abolished in the fleet forever.

Afraid of Ants

SARKHAN by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. 307 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.50.

There were these ants, see? They were forced to live among the impenetrable bamboo of the jungle, and they longed for more space. So the ants decided to destroy the elephant and take over the broad trails he had smashed through the jungle. When the ants attacked in force, waving their tiny feelers, the elephant did not even see them. He thundered down the trail, trampling them underfoot. Then a new generation of ants came along, and they were much cleverer. Instead of attacking in the open, the ants lured the elephant deep into the thick bamboo, where he could neither see nor move about easily. The ants swarmed up his legs and attacked his eyes, mouth and the soft pink flesh inside his trunk. The elephant thrashed around, confused and maddened, and in the end he was reduced to a pile of whitened bones.

This cunning little fable is used by William J. Lederer and the late Eugene Burdick as a kind of summing-up of



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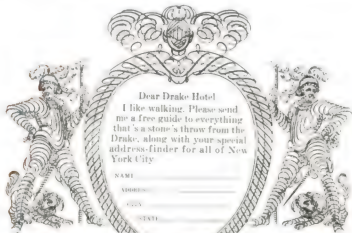
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their latest oversimplified, sometimes fatuous but, as usual, highly readable attack on U.S. policy in Southeast Asia. Returning after seven years to the ancient and mythical kingdom of Sarkhan, where they first discovered *The Ugly American*, they find the usual ragtag group of bumbling, arrogant and stupid Americans. The Communists, of course, are as smart as ever. Even smarter. For, instead of being satisfied slowly to win over the Sarkhanese masses because the Americans are too lazy to learn their language and customs, the Communists are plotting a fraudulent invasion of the tiny kingdom so that the U.S. will rush its elephantine army into the dense bamboo. Naturally, the plot succeeds. The strained Lederer-Burdick point is: the U.S. elephant had better get the hell out before the Asian ants nibble it to pieces.



HELEN HAYES

Paeans to walking, working, old age.

Without a Script

A GIFT OF JOY by Helen Hayes 254 pages. Evans-Lippincott. \$4.95

In the minds of U.S. theatergoers, both Katharine Cornell and Lynn Fontanne may have an equal claim to the title of Queen Emerita of the American stage. But among the general public, there is no question that it is Helen Hayes who holds the title, for Helen Hayes storms movie barns, writes more magazine articles and, more important, has shared both her joys and her sorrows with a wider audience. Now she has published a volume of reminiscences and reflections. She includes tributes to Shakespeare and her bibulous, ebullient husband, playwright Charles MacArthur; paeans to the pleasures of walking, gardening, solitude, work and old age; recollections of her favorite performances—all interspersed with illustrative passages from her favorite authors. The book has already, pre-publication, sold some 75,000 copies, but when he gets it, the reader may find that, speaking without a script, Helen has little to say.

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